

JULY 150

THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE CADOGAN DIARIES

PART 1

In-fighting in Downing Street as Europe falls

Churchill's Foreign Office chief with intimate revelations including:
 • the 'dirty dog' (Sir Samuel Hoare, previously Chamberlain's Home Secretary)
 • the 'awful' Brendon Bracken
 • Beaverbrook 'rushing things into the shop window'

JANE GOODALL'S

Life with the
apes
her verdict
on man's
relation to
man Society

Why British executives are the poor men of Europe

Business News surveys
salary comparisons

72

PLANET EARTH

New pull-out and keep
guide to men and
money, power and politics
in the world today
Part 2, James Cameron
on the Indian countries
with remarkable pictures

COLOUR
MAGAZINE

NEWS DIGEST

3 OCTOBER 1971

Well sought in murder case

A CARDIFF YARD detective investigating the killing of Ian Donald Heaysen who was found dead in a cottage he was renovating in Carmarthenshire, said yesterday he would like to interview Frederick Heaysen, who has been sought since the police killing on August 23.

The two men knew each other in that police also wanted information about their mutual acquaintance, Mr Heaysen, as the manager of Becks Ltd, an carnival novelties firm owned by

Fire in Sydney

In Australia, and 100 miles of coast to the city were last night threatened by bush fires of bush fires, caused by strong high spring temperatures and winds up to 70 mph. Two timber houses have been destroyed and scores of others abandoned. About 85 patients at two hospitals in the suburbs of North Turramurra waited when smoke billowed through

bush fire was threatening Wyong,

about 65 miles north of Sydney.

At that time the town was out

of flames.—Agencies.

Over smog

Trade union leaders are planning to build a strike over smog—possibly this week—over the industrial smog in the Rotterdam area. They argue that polluted air is as serious as a bad working condition. Other unions are sure to join in the demand for government action.

Special Minister for Environment, Mr Stuyt, has promised to within four weeks key parts of pollution legislation passed earlier this year. This empowers the Attorney General to close offending factories—unless

Earthquake fear

The megaton Cannikin underground test, which the Americans plan to make in the seismically-active Aleutian Islands next few weeks, could trigger a major earthquake, according to a report issued yesterday by the British Social Responsibility in Science group that tidal waves produced by such an explosion could produce serious damage as far as Japan and Hawaii.—Bryan

Concorde peace plan

KILA for settling the month-long rent-a-car dispute, which has led to production of Concorde, will be held on October 15 at Hilton hotel. The dispute followed more than 400 warnings.

Over Viet polls

MILLION armed men will today enter South Vietnam's Presidential Palace, from which General Thieu, unconfirmed, seeking another four-year term, forces, Home Guards and police will protect from expected Vietcong barbed-wire and sabotage by Thieu's opponents.

Mediator to quit
 GIORIO TAFALL, the UN Secretary-General's special representative in Cyprus for three years said yesterday that he would give up his post when his current term ends on December 15. He said that both Greek and Turkish Cypriots had rejected his peace efforts.—AP.

Die in crash

woman and small boy were killed when their van was in collision with a coach near Warrington, West Lancashire. The coach was taking 28 Sunderland Blackpool Illuminations. None was

George rides again
 King George V, most famous of the steam express locomotives, hauled a train 145 miles from Hereford to London yesterday. It was the start of an annual week's tour, promoted by which could persuade British Rail to resume regular steam excursions.

Living Swede

SUNDQVIST, a 30-year-old Swede, drove a 13,000hp jet fighter engine on wheels along a runway at Elvington, to claim a world jet car record. For the standing kilometre, Sundqvist and his 7,000 car will be British flying kilometre and mile.

Empress in Paris

EMPEROR HIROHITO and Empress Nagako were the luncheon guests of President Pompidou in Paris yesterday at the start of a private sightseeing visit. The Emperor visited Paris as Crown Prince 50 years ago, but Empress Nagako has never travelled abroad.—AFP.

We were the days

AN Indian-chief William Red Fox, whose autobiography 'The Memoirs of Red Fox' is a best-seller, ran into trouble when applying for a passport this week. He said that his card was burned in a fire in about a week, who plans to visit London, didn't have to have a passport last year to Europe. Buffalo Bill and me got on to the boat. That was in 1904."



Where the Vanguard crashed at 11.20 hrs



BEA Vanguard: a Mayday call: "I am falling" came five minutes before yesterday's crash

63 die in BEA crash

Vanguard explodes: 'Wings fell off' report

ALL 55 passengers and eight crew, crew consisted of two stewards and most of them British—were killed when a BEA Vanguard flying from London to Salzburg, Austria, crashed yesterday in a field at Aarsle, a hamlet near the northwest Belgian town of Tielit. Some BEA officials left Heathrow yesterday afternoon on a special flight to Ostend to begin investigations into the crash.

This dramatic eye-witness story

quickly swarmed all over started pilfering wallets and personal belongings which spread all over.

The police were slow to arrive more than 15 minutes after the crash. Men also went into the plane.

Two men were seen to leave the

plane and one was seen to leave the plane.

Two men were seen to leave the plane.

ALAN BRIEN
takes over today
as TV critic

JILLY COOPER
on lunching with
David Niven

MAURICE WIGGIN
IAN NAIRN
Two columnists begin a
double-bill page (19)
looking weekly at
THIS BRITAIN

ATTICUS moves to p32
BAPTISTES

BAPTISTES

on shares back Court

Stephen Fay

Richard H. Poff has been heard outside the Virginia. He is a member of the House of Representatives, and not with a record of opposition to Civil Rights. This week-end meeting of the Bar Association at the Justice Department, considering the suit against Richard Poff for a role in making him rather than a member of the United States Court of Appeals to fill one of the 100-year vacancies created last month by General Justice Hugo Black's resignation. Justice Nixon appointed two members of the court. Without him, he will have a number of Nixon's four. Few Presidents have had the chance to name four; but Nixon may have another of the members. 72-year-old Douglas, depends partly on efficiency of an attorney in his heart and receives his 28th retiree. Nixon's critics will be a major factor, which has in turn led to judges appointed by publican, Eisenhower, a little House aides are making enthusiastically Nixon court, and since Nixon's life, he has been a long time. The hubris of Nixon's court, however, shared by the legal and professions. A Harvard man, Alan Dershowitz, says the vacancies create a "potential danger." Nixon Dershowitz and the al-joined lawmen are clear that all his will be like the first is made. Warren and Harry Blackmun, a fancy term for institutional construction, a strict constructionists' role that the Supreme Court during the reign of Earl Warren, who 1969. Under his influence, the court made a series of judgments, starting with in 1953 which effectively racial segregation in school. This was followed by a series of judgments which reaffirmed the rights of the state. The court was interested it believed was the spirit of the Constitution Bill of Rights. Men and Blackmun contrast, that they take a "strict constructionist" law may be, what man effect may be. There are at stake. There is Chief Justice dissenting judgment in deciding the right of York Times to publish on papers last summer the attitude of the appointees. Most considered that the oiled were great ones of the Press to publish demands against the Government to publication of material he passed it. Justice Burger, in objecting to the court's affirmation of to publish, took a somewhat view. "To me it is terrible," he wrote, "that for long regarded as a situation in American life to perform one of the simple duties of every respect to the dispossessed of stolen or secret Government. That duty, I had perhaps naively—was to withdraw to responsible officers. This duty rests on us, justices and the New hardly the stuff of which gments are made. But others like professor Derry are concerned with the fundamental question. The function of the Court is to balance the power of the Presidency. So if the party's own men who strictly his own views, the of the court is in danger of John Mitchell, Attorney-General, and Rogers, the easy-going of State, have been as possible candidates for second vacancy, but it is more likely that the be an unknown judge and Blackmun. In cases of significant cases law and order will come judgment when the new appointed. They concern relations, capital and personal privacy, which emerge will heavily influenced by Nixon. It is able to make just one commitment, that influence multiplied almost infinitely. The majority of the court him something which citizens have desired and achieved: intimations of

dies on swing
teen-year-old boy found by the neck from a rail in Glasgow yesterday died to have hanged himself while playing makeshift rope swing. He ruled out foul play.

Circular

CLARENCE HOUSE, SW1
October 2nd, 1971
Lady Fermoy has succeeded Lady-in-Waiting to Elizabeth The Queen



Bushy-tailed and probably bright-eyed too: three Bunnies from the London Playclub Club get together for a pre-match tactics talk before a charity soccer game yesterday in Dulwich

Some airline meals for holidaymakers unfit to eat, says inspector

By Tony Dawe

SOME AIRLINE meals served on holiday flights to and from the Mediterranean are unfit to eat, according to a senior public health inspector. Tests have shown 10 times more bacteria in the food than is acceptable.

The dangers of the unfit food are to be investigated by a special working party of the Association of Public Health Inspectors and demands are already being made for a complete change in methods of storing the food on the plane. The criticisms are directed

against a system introduced in recent years by inclusive tour operators. Cold meals, usually chicken or ham salads, are chilled only after being prepared and then served aboard the aircraft in disposable plastic trays, wrapped in polythene. Two trays—one for the holiday maker flying out from Britain and the other for the returning passenger—are stored in the back of each seat and the passenger merely presses a button in the seat-back in front of him to retaste his food.

Mr Eric Atkinson, chief public health inspector of Dorking and

Hurley Rural Council, which covers Gatwick Airport, says this is the first year since the airport has been in use that he has received complaints about the food.

Passengers on the return flight are faced with limp and soggy meals because of the long time since the food was first put on the aircraft. The aircraft can stand around for some time at airports in the Mediterranean, with cabin temperatures going up to the 80s and 90s.

Airliners operating from Gatwick introduced "seat-back" meals for the first time this sum-

mer and Mr Atkinson says this is the first year since the airport has been in use that he has received complaints about the food.

The acceptable level of contamination in meals of this kind is 200,000 organisms per gram, but tests found two million organisms per gram in some meals, and an extreme case of more than three million organisms.

Mr Atkinson has prepared a report for his council and the matter is being raised with the airlines. He suggests that meals

stored in refrigerated containers and only placed in the seat-backs just before the aircraft takes off

temperature at which the meal is stored.

The main advantages of seat-back meals—pioneered by Court Line Aviation who are serving them to all of their 1,250,000 passengers this year—are that they remove the need for galley, which can then be replaced by extra seats, and that they give the hostesses more time to sell duty-free drink. At a time when tour operators are forcing the airlines to maintain low charter rates, every extra bit of profit is vital.

New cigarettes get medical trial

By Bryan Silcock

A TRIAL to see whether cigarettes containing an artificial tobacco substitute help to reduce the incidence of smokers' cough—an important and early sign of bronchitis—will start soon at London's Hammersmith Hospital. It follows a pioneering experiment in which doctors there have shown that modifying the composition and filters of conventional cigarettes can have this effect. Whether or not there is any connection between smoker's cough and lung cancer is still uncertain, but it is possible that the irritants that produce the cough also help to produce the cancer.

Sir Gerald Nabarro was one of the MP's who received a supply. "I gave up smoking in 1968 in the interest of personal longevity," he said last week. "I haven't smoked since. But I tested these cigarettes. I found them thoroughly unpalatable. Other people I gave them to also thought they tasted terrible."

Sir Gerald's secretary at the House of Commons, Miss Margaret House, disagreed. "I've smoked some myself and tried them on my friends," she said. "We were most favorably impressed. Sometimes you can't tell the difference from ordinary cigarettes."

A number of experiments have also shown that cigarettes containing tobacco substitutes are probably less harmful to health than conventional ones, and if they come out of the trial with a further incentive for manufacturers to put them on the market. Imperial Developments, the company set up by ICI and Imperial Tobacco to develop artificial smoking materials, could start building a plant to produce them right away. However, no such step appears imminent.

"We just don't think we've got an acceptable material yet."

Labour plan for wives as price spies

THE HOUSEWIFE would be asked to turn "policeman" under Labour's proposed commission for industry and manpower and the relevant Minister would need extensive powers to intervene in cases where "market power" is excessive. Some kind of permanent but flexible system of price controls, operating at the point of production, but concentrated on a select list of key products and services, would be established.

The price controls, coupled with a voluntary incomes policy, are major features of the 7,000-word document. It also recommends:

- Establishment of a National Labour Board to merge the re-training and job-finding agencies;
- Expansion of public ownership to end disparity in regional employment;

- An "orderly realignment" of sterling exchange rates to boost exports.

The document, to be debated at Brighton by the party conference on Wednesday, has been prepared by Labour's national executive. It will be introduced by Mrs Barbara Castle, Shadow Employment Minister. It calls for direct action on prices which, it says, is the key to a policy of containment of inflation.

A Labour government would re-establish the "successful system" developed by Labour to provide the government with early warning of all price increases and thus any policy of wage control to investigate.



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Good news 'can make you ill'

By Bryan Silcock

Such as marriage or landing a much desired job, as well as unhappy ones like an accident or bereavement, can help to precipitate subarachnoid haemorrhage (a type of brain haemorrhage which is serious but not normally fatal), a conference on psychosomatic medicine was told in London yesterday.

Dr R. J. J. Penrose, of St George's Hospital, reported that in many cases of such haemorrhages, there was no obvious physical defect but the patients had often experienced strong emotion immediately before. He had investigated the incidence of important and disturbing events in a person's life in the two weeks preceding a subarachnoid haemorrhage and found that more of them had been through such crises than would be expected by chance.

Dr D. G. Brown, also of St George's Hospital, reported on recent studies of mental stress as a factor in producing eczema. He found that separation experiences, such as broken marriages, did seem to contribute, although personality was important, too.

People who had separation experiences in childhood, for example, seemed to be sensitive to such experiences in later life. Dr Brown also found indications that stiff-upper-lip types, who tended to deny emotion, were more likely to develop eczema than the emotionally disturbed.

Drs Samuel I. Cohen and J. Hajofsky described a study supporting previous evidence that emotional stress was associated as well with the onset of glaucoma and eye condition. Among 52 glaucoma patients, 14 had undergone significant recent emotional experiences—twice as many as in a normal group used for comparison.

\$25,000 winner

The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize, announced yesterday, was won by C. 260615. The winner lives in Buckinghamshire.

he laughing man with hole in his chest

After acupuncture anaesthesia Mr Hui chats and sips tea through hours of lung surgery—then holds a Press conference

By Maxwell
from Peking

The lobectomy was concluded, that needle was the sole anaesthetic. Except for a brief period when the surgeon was working deep inside the chest cavity and when, we were told, the need for anaesthesia was less, the needle was constantly agitated by the anaesthetist. The effect is a gradual but total numbing of the entire chest area and takes about 20 minutes from the needle's insertion.

Surgeons are now so confident about the effects of acupuncture anaesthesia that they begin by the clock, without testing to check whether the operational area is numbed.

The patient was cut off from sight of what was going on in his chest by a curtain erected just under his chin. Above that his face was restful, often smiling as he spoke to or answered the operating staff. Perhaps he grew a little paler as the operation progressed and sometimes he closed his eyes for a few moments, or on instruction from the surgeon opened his mouth to breathe deeply. But of pain or concern there was never even the shadow of a sign.

The effect on the onlooker was startling. On one side of the little blue curtain was Mr Han's relaxed and smiling face; on the other was the blue-clad torso, cut by swift scalpels and agape with steel braces, as the hands of the surgeon and his colleagues went to work. There seemed no connection between the two scenes—as if it were a stage trick like the boxed woman sawn in two.

But here were no mirrors or fakery but reality which was more striking because of its matter-of-fact accessibility. The onlooker could exchange words with the patient and, short of nudging the surgeons, could stand as near as he liked. After the operation was completed, the wound was closed, the needle removed and Mr Han was given a helping hand to sit up. Then the patient's arm was massaged and he was helped into his pyjama coat, again with no sign of even a wince.

He was given an injection desiring a morphine sedative, to kill the pain but to keep him calm. His right arm was strapped up and across his back and the acupuncture needle was inserted into his next 90 minutes until



Different patient, different operation but the anaesthetic and the patient's smile are the same: acupuncture. For a stomach operation in Peking

And then, in a full and steady voice, he gave a Press conference. What had he thought of while the operation was in progress? "I concentrated on doing what the surgeon told me to do." More generally, he looked forward to getting back to his work in an electrical equipment factory and thanked us for our concern with a friendly hand-clap.

ACUPUNCTURE as a form of medical treatment has been used by the Chinese for several thousand years. The theory is that illness results from imbalance between opposing forces in the body called Yin and Yang. By inserting needles into particular spots in the body and leaving them in for a short time, the excess of one of these forces can be released, restoring the balance to normal.

There are 365 of these spots in the body, each related to a particular organ or part of it. Several spots are usually treated at one time. Sterile needles are inserted into the skin, between one to five inches deep. They may be withdrawn after a few minutes, or left in position for several days.

Acupuncture was first used in Europe in the early 1800s by Louis Berlioz, father of Hector Berlioz the composer.

In the first Chinese Republic, the Government tried to replace acupuncture by westernised medicine, but the move was reversed by Mao Tse-tung in 1944. Today all Chinese doctors must train in this form of traditional medicine, although both types of medicine are practised.

Despite initial scepticism, several western doctors visiting China have been impressed by

acupuncture. Mr J. S. Horn, a surgeon who has worked in China, has described how a case of asthma was cured by acupuncture much more effectively than it would have been by traditional western methods.

The Chinese have been using acupuncture for anaesthesia since 1958, at first experimentally but now regularly and extensively. The hospital we visited has performed nearly 1,000 lobectomies such as we saw. At the same time, and as accessible to our inspection, there were an appendectomy, the removal of a large thyroid tumour and of an ovarian cyst and several teeth extractions.

We were told that almost all kinds of operation are now performed under acupuncture anaesthesia, the exceptions being those where external circulation

of blood is required as in heart

surgery, some major operations for cancer and some plastic surgery, though even these operations have been carried out successfully under acupuncture in other hospitals.

Foreigners in Peking have seen major brain

surgery completed with anaesthesia by acupuncture, with the patient again conscious throughout.

Patients are given their choice of anaesthetics, but the proportion of those opting for acupuncture is growing as word of its lessened after-effects spreads.

The operation is preceded by meetings between patient and surgeon, in which all aspects of the procedure are discussed. Despite initial scepticism, several western doctors visiting China have been impressed by

the insertion of 40 needles.

Chinese surgeons report that the advantages of acupuncture include much reduced bleeding, less and sometimes no after pain; and the fact that the patient can co-operate with the surgeon. Doctors and

surgeons from the West have watched operations in Beijing and in other Chinese cities, and analysis of the implications for medical science of acupuncture anaesthesia must be left to them.

The laymen can only conclude that the technique indicates the existence of some previously unknown system of nerve connections in the body—for the acupuncture points have no apparent connection with the areas

they number—and hope that if he ever has major surgery it will be as painless as Mr Han's.

When nurse isn't sure of her Latin

By a Medical Correspondent
TESTS carried out by a doctor among a group of hospital nurses showed that they consistently understood only two out of 10 Latin abbreviations used in prescribing medicine they might have to administer. An article in The Lancet describes the findings as "disturbing."

The tests were carried out in a large mental deficiency hospital by Dr Geoffrey Robb, currently working at the Sheffield Royal Infirmary. He asked 61 nurses and sisters to fill in a multiple choice questionnaire. This listed 10 commonly used Latin abbreviations, and the nurses were asked to tick one out of four possible meanings for each. The average score was five out of 10 for the nurses, and seven for the sisters and staff nurses. Only one abbreviation was explained correctly by every one—"h.o." (his die, twice daily). Another, "t.d.s." (terdies sumendum, three times daily) was answered correctly by 60 out of the 61.

For two abbreviations there were more wrong answers than right ones. Twenty-five people thought that "s.o.s." (si opus sit) meant "to be given on one occasion only if required" instead of the correct "to be given if necessary, and can be repeated" which was scored by only 13. Twenty people thought wrongly that "a.c." (ante cibum) meant "after food"—only 11 said "before food," the correct answer.

Fortunately the highest proportion of the nurses' correct answers were given to the questions about how often medicine should be given. Serious complications could obviously result if a medicine was given three times or only a third as often as was needed. The most likely result of this ignorance would in fact be stomach ache, or vomiting. Many medicines are irritant and so are taken after meals. In the stomach the medicines become mixed with food and this reduces the chances of stomach irritation.

Commenting on the findings, a London specialist in medical treatment said: "Dr Robb's results will almost certainly speed up the modernisation of prescription writing. This started with the switchover from Imperial to Metric measures, which was completed in 1969. Another recent trend is for each hospital patient to be given a special medicine card in his case notes. This indicates quite clearly in English which medicines may be given only once and which repeated, whenever necessary. The card is also ruled into three-hour periods throughout the day. When a medicine is to be given at regular intervals, the doctor can then fill in the precise times on the card."

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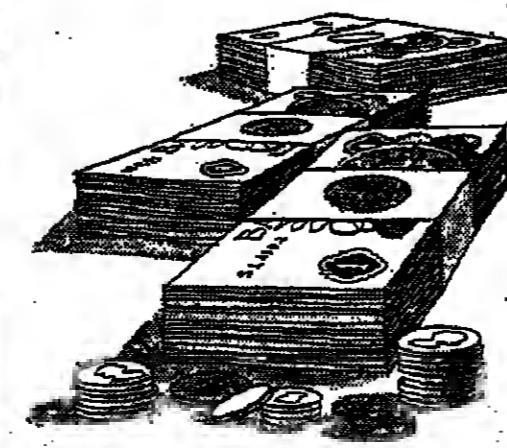
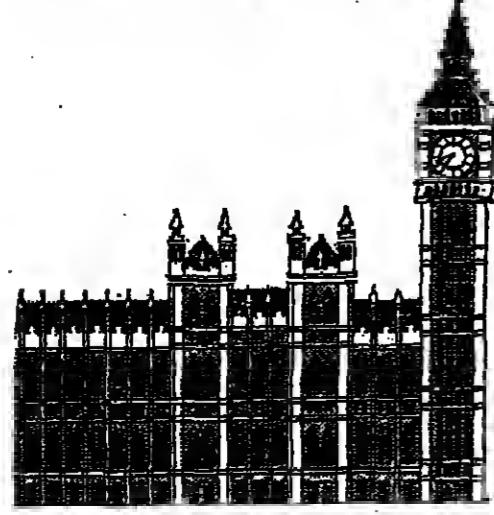
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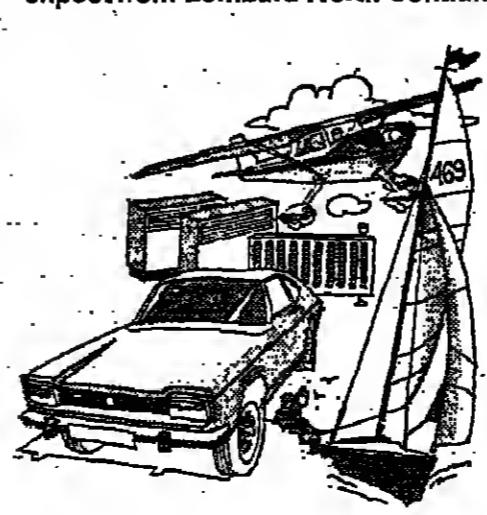


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A TRIAL which could rock the regime of Ceylon's Prime Minister, Mrs Bandaranaike, is being held in a remote jungle village on the island. Two Ceylonese soldiers are accused of the attempted murder of a local beauty queen during the abortive uprising last April.

The gruesome allegations surrounding the girl's death have forced the Ceylon Government to invoke a special law prohibiting Press and radio reports of cases involving soldiers and policemen. These allegations, some of which will not be heard by the magistrate, include the humiliation and murder of a Buddhist priest and the rape of four virgins.

Details of the case, now at the preliminary inquiry stage, were brought out by Lord Avebury, who was exonerated from Ceylon last week while on fact-finding mission for Amnesty International. Lord Avebury, the former Liberal MP Eric Lubbock, interviewed two people who, although they claim to have seen the girl murdered, have not been called as witnesses for the prosecution. He is convinced they are telling the truth.

The village of Kataragama, with its sanctuary to the god of war, is one of the holiest places in Ceylon. On April 16, during the uprising, six young Kataragama girls were taken from their homes by soldiers of the Third Gemunu Regiment, the Ceylonese territorial army.

One of the girls was Prema Manampera who was Misa Kataragama last year. She was still at the Kataragama central school and had taught in a Sunday school in the Buddhist temple for three years. Her mother swears Prema was never a member of the so-called "Che Guevarista" movement, which was responsible for the uprising under the official name of Janata Vimukti Peramuna.

The soldiers also arrested a priest, Gamola Rathnayaka of the Sri Gunananda Buddhist Centre. The arrest was witnessed by Piyasoma Samy, the father of one of the girls, who lives opposite the centre. He claimed: "I saw the priest being brought out in his underpants with his 14-year-old acolyte. A soldier hit the priest and he fell against a jeep."

The six girls, the brother of one of the girls and the priest were taken to the Ceylon Transport Board rest house in the middle of the town, then occupied by soldiers.

The events alleged to have taken place there are described by one of the girls, Daly Swarnalata, aged 19. She says five of the girls and the naked priest

Why a government censored the beauty queen murder trial

By Denis Herbstein

were forced to perform fellatio and cunnilingus while about 20 soldiers formed a circle and watched. Prema refused.

A soldier smashed the priest's penis with a rifle butt and he was taken away. No witness saw him again until his bullet-riddled body, still naked, was found dumped in the village next day.

Daly Swarnalata claims that after the priest was taken away four of the girls, again excluding Prema, were stripped and raped.

Kamala Mudalige, aged 19, claims a Lieutenant forced her to perform an unnatural sexual act.

"I begged him not to force me to do this. I shouted. Then he threatened to shoot me and placed his revolver on my chest. While I was shouting he committed the offence on me."

That night, claims Kamala, eight soldiers raped her in an empty house. Another girl claims a group of soldiers took her into another room and committed an unnatural offence on her.

All this time Prema had refused to submit. She is said to have told the soldiers: "I am like Ehelepola Kumari Hami"—a legendary heroine who was ordered to marry a low-caste man after her husband was murdered. Rather than submit, Hami agreed to the execution of her children and promised to crush their bodies to powder. But after the children were executed she drowned herself.

The next morning at about ten Prema is alleged to have been stripped, held down by three soldiers and raped in the presence of the other girls. Afterwards she was ordered to dress, but she refused, saying: "My life is over."

This scene was witnessed by

The following account of what happened to Prema next was given by witnesses at a hearing at which three soldiers were charged with murdering her and conspiracy to commit murder. They were Lieutenant Alfred Wijesuriya, Sergeant Amaradasa Ratnayake and a lance-corporal.

The charges against the latter were withdrawn before any statement was given because of lack of identification.

Prema, with blood streaming down her thighs, was marched at gunpoint, still naked, down the busy main street followed by Wijesuriya and Ratnayake. They stopped in front of the Gunasira Hotel.

An old lady sitting on the roadside heard one of the soldiers order Prema to say that she had attended ideological classes and written examinations in Colombo and an "admission" that she had been a "Che Guevarista". Prema went over to the old lady and repeated the statement. She turned, and as she crossed the road, Wijesuriya fired about three shots into her with a machine gun.

The soldiers returned to the rest house. Prema crawled across the street to an arcade where she was given a glass of water. Lt. Wijesuriya was told she was still alive and sent Ratnayake to shoot her again. He went back and emptied some more bullets into the girl.

A group of people carried Prema to a grave nearby. She was still alive enough to take off her earrings and ask that they be given to her mother. Finally another soldier arrived and finished her off.

This scene was witnessed by



Beauty queen Prema Manampera

The Nelson touch

ON OCTOBER 21, 1805, Britain's boldest and most unconventional admiral fought a battle off Cape Trafalgar that wiped out Napoleon's navy and the fleet of his Spanish allies. The Battle of Trafalgar killed Napoleon's hopes of invading England and guaranteed British naval supremacy for a hundred years. But before the day was over Nelson, whose name was already a legend, had died—shot by an enemy sniper at close range.

What was the "Nelson Touch"? How did 27 British ships smash the Combined Fleets of France and Spain? What weapons helped the British to win? How many tons of shot did HMS Victory carry?

These are just a few of the hundreds of questions answered in a big wallchart The Sunday Times launches today, "Nelson and HMS Victory at Trafalgar," a chart 30in by 40in designed in full colour by The Sunday Times Special Projects Unit, has been researched with some of Britain's leading naval historians. No one



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Museums all over the country are ordering the Nelson Wallchart for resale to their visitors. Already it is destined for Victory at Portsmouth, Montagu's museum at Bucklebury, and museums at Scapa Flow, Grimsby and Anstruther (Fife). Madame Tussaud's is selling the chart in connection with their Battle of Trafalgar exhibition. And the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, will be selling it from their shop.

Do you know which part of the "Nelson Touch" is? How Nelson became a Sicilian duke? How fast Victory can sail? How many boys were in her crew? The Nelson Wallchart tells you all this and much more. To get it (and any previous issue you may have missed), cut and complete the coupon below.

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AFTER CHEQUERS... THE OUTLOOK FOR NORTHERN IRELAND IS JUST AS BLEAK

The pitfalls in the Maudling plan

By John Whate

their way between pitfalls, Mr Maudling now see as lying a limited shift of power from the majority towards the Roman Catholic minority. The plan is to emerge from Maudling's current consultations; he can press on with devising it, the Roman Catholic minority's representatives will not help him. The six members of the Socialists and Labour Party (notably Mr Hume and Mr Currie), say that they will sit down with Mr Maudling of the 219 IRA suspects interned Kesh have been either charged or released. Mr Head and Mr Maudling believe that is will change in the SDLP when the new Advisory Committee begins its work this week. Mr Faulkner, Northern Ireland Prime Minister, said at a meeting last week that Maudling and his two colleagues on the Committee were reasonable men: they would be satisfied with reasonable recommendations.

It would be astonished if the Northern Ireland government did not accept them. If pressed on this; but he was taken aback to mean that the Brown Committee let at least a few dozen men among Kesh in the next two or three days. In a way that would perhaps explain, in a way that would perhaps explain, why the rest were too large.

First of ideas

The SDLP co-operation, Mr Maudling will be collecting and sifting ideas to give Catholics a louder voice at all levels, councils to the Northern Ireland. There will probably be no Maudling ideas such as those of the Whitehall Councils (though not the Rothschild family) from Northern Ireland minor visits to the Home Office, which will be there on Tuesday, and from Mr Faulkner. A main element will be briefer paper setting out the plan, which is for a larger Stormont Assembly elected by proportional representation for a new kind of Stormont Senate house) containing more Roman Catholics, some of whom might get jobs as ministers. Mr Faulkner is not yet a member of the Cabinet. Maudling knows what is in the plan, because Mr Faulkner disclosed the (with an appeal to secrecy) at

s. Mr Lynch, the Irish Prime Minister, doubted whether the scale of proposed would impress the Northern Ireland government functions. In other words, the notion of Northern Ireland as a declared region of Britain, with reduced territory and reduced powers—a notion developed at some length in a Sunday Times editorial two weeks ago—is not to be considered. Even the present divided responsibility for law and order is not to be questioned.

Mr Maudling is cautious because he does not want to provoke a Protestant rising. Yet the Maudling plan is a justifiable fear. Yet the Maudling plan

itself entails an unavoidable confrontation with the Protestants, as follows:

The Ulster Right grows in strength steadily. The new Ulster covenant, a repeat of the fierce protestations of 1912, has been signed by a third of all the Protestants in the province. Several of Mr Faulkner's top Unionist supporters are waiting only for his consultative document as an excuse to leave the party. Mr Paisley and Mr Craig, twin brethren of the Ulster Right, are at present circling the potential defectors and each other; Mr Paisley's net to catch them is the new Loyalist party to be inaugurated this week, while Mr Craig prefers the idea of a rival to the present Unionist high command (the Ulster Unionist Council), which would win over Unionist constituency parties wholesale.

THE PITFALLS in that whole prospect are considerable. The first and worst risk is that the minority will bear no part in formulating the plan which is meant to meet their needs and wishes. Clearly the IRA, the minority's self-appointed military arm, will cut each other's throats on the hustings. But if they can come to an accommodation, they will sweep the board. One of them will be elected by Parliamentarians. Yet both publicly advanced policies which Mr Maudling has publicly said are unacceptable. So if work means anything, the British Government will then have no course open except to impose direct rule from Westminster and brave Protestants' wrath at the loss of their government.

And it will be back to the drawing-board with the Maudling plan.

Doubts on PR

Muriel Bowen writes: Mr Brian Faulkner's Cabinet is now completely split over the possibility of introducing proportional representation, and it may be several weeks before the consultative document on the reform of Stormont is ready. This will allow time for compromises to be worked out. Inside the Cabinet, men are prepared to fight, and resignations cannot be ruled out. This would threaten Mr Faulkner's chances of survival from within the Parliamentary Unionist Party as well as outside it.

After careful study of voting registers, MPs now discover that PR would virtually wipe out Unionist representation in three of the six counties—Fermanagh, Tyrone and Londonderry. Catholics have a majority in these counties, and, under PR, angry Unionists reckon, they could stop any Unionist getting elected. Two Ministers, Mr John Taylor and Mr Harry West, would lose their seats. So would Captain John Brooke, the Unionist Chief Whip and son of Lord Brookeborough, a former Prime Minister.

Legislation to be introduced at Stormont on Tuesday, after the Summer recess, which is aimed at getting the thousands who have been withholding rent and rates for six weeks, to pay up, is now to be tougher than was envisaged even a week ago. As well as stopping the rent element in welfare benefit money, it is now proposed to stop a proportion of wages. The Stormont Government is working privately to get the support of businessmen and the trade unions behind this move.

Did 'third force' Republicans bomb the Protestant pub?

By Philip Jacobson and John Fielding

EXAMINATION of the ruins of the Belfast Protestant pub The Four Step, devastated on Wednesday evening by more than half a hundredweight of gelignite, has led Army explosives experts and intelligence men to postulate that a "third force" of extreme Republicans, outside the Provisional IRA, may have begun operations.

In the past, the Provisionals have acknowledged responsibility for bombs planted by their known members. However, they have denied responsibility for the Four Step blast.

The Four Step pub stands at the upper end of the Shankill Road, the heart of one of Belfast's most militant Orange areas. Four steps lead up through the front door, into a corridor to the rear. On the right were two doors, the first into a "singing lounge," the second into the bar. At the end, facing back down the corridor, was the door to the lavatory.

Last Wednesday, the pub was packed with Protestants returning from Linfield Football Club's 3-0 defeat in European Cup semi-final against Standard Liege. Around 10 pm the crowd was swelled by men drifting in from a vigilante meeting at a school hall a few doors away. (They had been talking of organising street squads.) Just before 10.30 pm the gelignite exploded.

The size of the blast—it demolished most of the pub's walls—indicates that about 50lb of gelignite was used. Since gelignite is about the consistency of butter, that would mean a charge filling two fair-sized suitcases. The blast centre, shown by a crater, was the pub's corridor at a point roughly 6ft from the entrance.

It seems inconceivable that a stranger or, more likely, two men carrying suitcases would pass unchallenged in the pub, or even in the Shankill Road. Yet there were no reports of cars speeding away—though an innocent couple who were driving past at the moment of explosion were threatened by the crowd of 1,000 which



Wreckage of The Four Step: a "third force" at work?

assembled.

One early assumption, therefore, was that the gelignite was Protestant, either stored in the pub or on its way to cause Catholic deaths, and that it exploded prematurely. One factor in subduing the Shankill crowd may have been this suspicion—though it is fair to say that, even before the Rev Ian Paisley and the local MP, Desmond Boal, arrived to pacify them, local vigilante leaders had done a remarkable job of peacekeeping.

But a pub corridor is no place to store gelignite. And the absence of metal fragments from the blast has convinced Army explosives men that the detonator was not the usual alarm-clock timing device but some quick-closing fuse, perhaps as simple

as an egg-timer—which the crowd in the pub necessitated.

The position of the victims also casts doubt on the accident theory. When the bomb went off, nobody seems to have been by the cases. Two men did die, with terrible mutilation, and both were activists in the local Orange Lodge, The Shankill Heroes. But both were in the bar, as were the 27 injured.

The most telling point, however, is the striking similarity—in method, nerve and the accuracy of intelligence—between the Four Step blast and another pub explosion two weeks ago.

About 11.10 pm on September 20, a 20lb bomb went off on the pavement behind the Bluebell Bar in Sandy Row, a district which rivals the Shankill in Orange fervour. As at the Four

Step, the bar was packed with local vigilantes; they were actually holding a meeting. The blast left a 3ft crater in the pavement, damaged houses 100 yards away, and injured 100 people, six of whom were kept in hospital.

Again, the Rev Ian Paisley, with local Orange leaders, succeeded in restraining the Sandy Row crowd.

Those Provisional leaders who could be contacted in Belfast last week denied their responsibility for the Four Step explosion. Their denial is the more convincing because they admitted to us responsibility for a bomb which, had it exploded, could have been equally devastating—the 30lb of gelignite designed to wreck the Whitehall restaurant in Belfast's shopping centre at 12.30 last Thursday lunch-time.

An anonymous warning was given by telephone to clear the restaurant, but this would have been difficult to achieve in the three minutes allowed. As it happened, the timing device was faulty and the bomb failed.

The Army has for some weeks been worried by the possible formation of a new and indiscriminate bombing group. A 10lb gelignite charge was dismantled on September 2 outside a Derry primary school at midday, just as the children were breaking for lunch. Two days later, a 45lb charge was dismantled in the city on a disused railway line now used as a footpath. The fuse was a tripwire: anyone could have set it off.

The apparent willingness to kill at random characterising these attempts is shared by the two pub explosions. But the latter have, beyond doubt, a new element. Both must have been designed specifically to promote a violent Protestant backlash.

A new pub blast occurred in Londonderry yesterday morning, when two masked men with guns attacked a bar attached to a hotel in the city centre. The men walked in just after opening time, ordered out the staff—nobody else was present—and set off a charge of between 5lb and 10lb less than two minutes later.

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That £1 rise means pensioners 'worse off by Christmas'

THE RECENT £1 pension increase, which was intended to restore old people's purchasing power to what it was in 1969, will have been swallowed up by inflation before Christmas, according to a report published next week. And pensioners will then face the prospect of falling further and farther below the 1968 level until the next review in 1973.

The report's sponsors, Age Concern (National Old People's Welfare Council), are particularly concerned about the plight of the poorest pensioners. At least two million of them rely on supplementary benefits to augment their pensions. Now they find the extra £1 putting only an extra 60p in the kitty, because their supplementary benefits are reduced by 40p.

Typical of pensioners in this group is Mrs Ethel Murphy, aged 82. She now receives a total of £8.05 a week in pension and supplementary benefit. Before the increase she received £2.35 supplementary benefit but this is now cut to £1.85. "I am disgusted," says Mrs Murphy. "Everybody should get the extra pound. The 60p I get won't make much difference. One thing is certain—it will all go in the housekeeping."

Her weekly budget is: rent £1.17; gas £1.25; electricity 25p; clothes club contributions 50p; three meals at a community centre 24p; housekeeping (minimum) £2.50; laundry 10p; window cleaner 71p. This leaves Mrs Murphy with, at the most, just under £1 to pay for special food needed for her hospital diet, newspapers and any household extras.

"If I do have a little money spare," she says. "I try and put a few shillings by for the winter to help towards the extra cost of gas and electricity."

"The hospital tells me that I must eat a lot of fresh fruit and vegetables, but I can't afford much. Fruit is especially expensive. I usually spend about 70p a week on special diet food, and if I have to go without one week, I try to make it up the next. I cannot afford holidays but as I've never been away on holiday all my life, I don't miss it much."

When the increase was promised last April, the Prime Minister said he would restore the pension's purchasing value to what it was in 1969, when the pension was £5. The necessary increase was calculated as an extra 81p, and the Government regards the additional 18p as a "bonus." But according to an analysis by Age Concern, that will all be wiped out by the end of December.

Ian Bruce of Age Concern comments: "With pension reviews promised only every two years, it is easy to see just how badly pensioners will be in 1973. There has got to be an annual review."

As the £1 increase goes to about one-sixth of the population, it may cost £500 million a year. But Ian Bruce maintains that a much larger allocation



For Mrs Murphy a weekly income of £8.05

is needed than any government has yet been prepared to face up to. "You cannot get decent pensions on the cheap."

Frank Field, director of Child Poverty Action Group, goes further than Age Concern and says the new rate leaves pensioners poorer than at any time since 1965. "The gap between the retired pensioner and the rest of the community has widened. In April, 1965, the value of a single person's pension was 21.2 per cent of the average industrial wage. Today it is only 19.7 per cent. Not only are the poor getting poorer, but the poorest—those receiving supplementary benefits—are having their increase clawed back."

Wendy Hughes

Four healthy minds suffer the despair of the mentally ill

By Wendy Hughes

MENTAL hospitals are indicted for inedible food, lack of privacy and inadequate and dangerous washing facilities. A report prepared by four officers of the National Association of Mental Health, who have recently stayed for three days as in-patients in psychiatric wards. Their identity was not known to the patients. The report is being sent to the Secretary of State for Social Services, Sir Keith Joseph.

Taking part in this experiment were Christopher Mayhew, MP, the NAMH chairman, Miss Mary Appleby, the general secretary, David Emms, campaign director, and Charles Clark, chairman of the public information committee. Their aim as in-patients in National Health Service hospitals was to share the life of patients in the ward, and to identify with the needs of both patients and nursing staffs. In each case the hospital co-operated in the scheme.

All four agree that the food served was "disappointing" and "less than edible."

"The diet was starchy with much bread and cocoa. In one hospital did we receive fresh fruit. Vegetables cooked in a central kitchen reached the wards half cold. The poor quality of meat infused in fat was rejected by all but the most hungry patients. It was the experience of at least one of us that in a very large hospital, the acute ward received the same diet as the long stay ward. The waste which some of us witnessed was enormous. We know that what we saw is to some extent a question of finance. In one hospital the sum of £1.79 per person per week was quoted to us and is clearly inadequate."

The report suggests that some food preparation of vegetables, fresh fruit and salads could be undertaken on the wards as part of a therapeutic programme, to the benefit both of the patients' occupation and of their diet.

They propose that this could be one way of alleviating the endless hours of boredom which forces patients to bed by 9 o'clock in the evening. "In one hospital, although sewing and embroidery were offered to the women patients, this was removed at 4 o'clock in the afternoon and the evening stretched ahead with only the promise of television..."

So far as the men were concerned, there was no distraction of any kind. There were two newspapers brought to the ward but it was impossible to obtain any other. Although the hospitals in at least two cases had patients' clubs it was a depressing experience to

go there for, apart from the facilities of being able to buy a cup of coffee, the purposeless sitting about the ward was reproduced in a different milieu."

Physical conditions on the wards are described as "dispiriting" and "200 yard long wards as 'not a life situation of dignity for human beings.' Some of us slept in wards divided by curtaining. Some of us bad no privacy of any kind. Washing conditions were barely adequate. In one case bathing conditions were below what might have been expected in a ward recently upgraded. For 15 women patients there was one bath raised on a high concrete platform to which the entrance and exit was a gymnastic feat; for a patient under any degree of sedation, it would have been positively dangerous."

The four voluntary in-patients all left hospital exhausted. They attribute this partly to the difficulty in sleeping and the soft-soled shoes for use by night staff and segregation of seriously disturbed noisy patients from those who are less disturbed and need quietness and calm especially on first admission.

While praising the patience, insight, dedication and kindness of the nursing staff, the report highlights the need for a big increase in staff. "One of us was concerned that the incontinence

gin in a second committee social problems.

Among the Catholic parliamentarians who will attack the port when it comes up for debate in the full Assembly on Tuesday is the British MP, Mr N St John Stevas, who has put an amendment to withdraw reference to abortion.

Liberalisation of abortion is currently the object of campaigns in several European countries. Mr Dankert claims that, even in countries where the laws are very legal action is rarely taken against those who have illegal abortions and that this leads to commercial exploitation of women by scrupulous doctors.

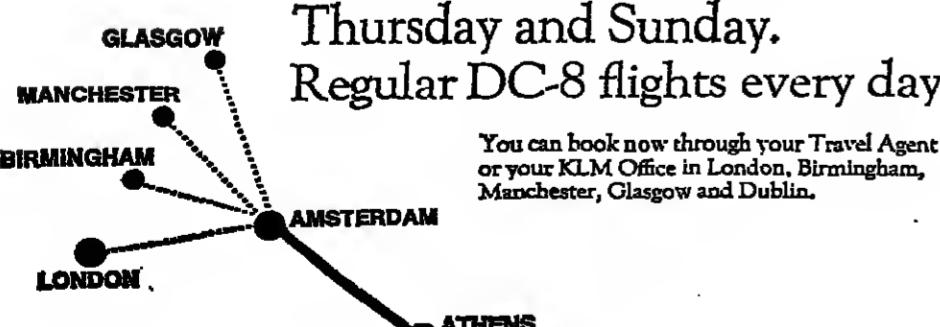
The outcome of the debate is hard to forecast. Socialists and Christian Democrats counter-balanced, it depends on the votes of MPs like the Right Wing Liberal pi-

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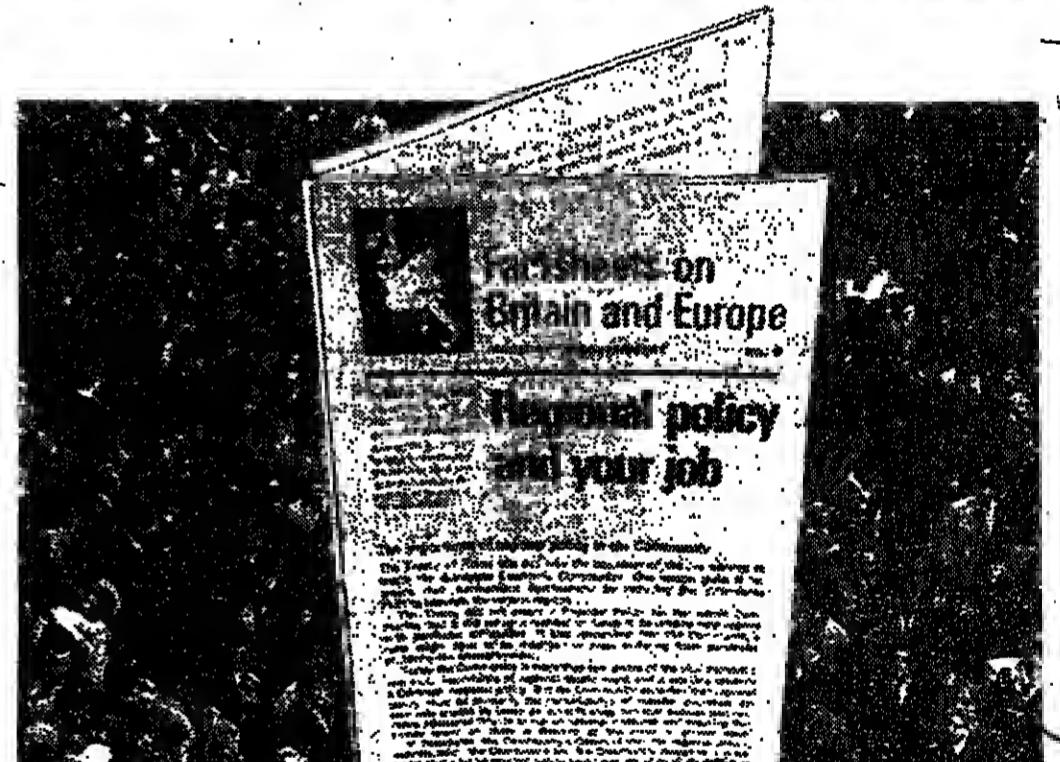
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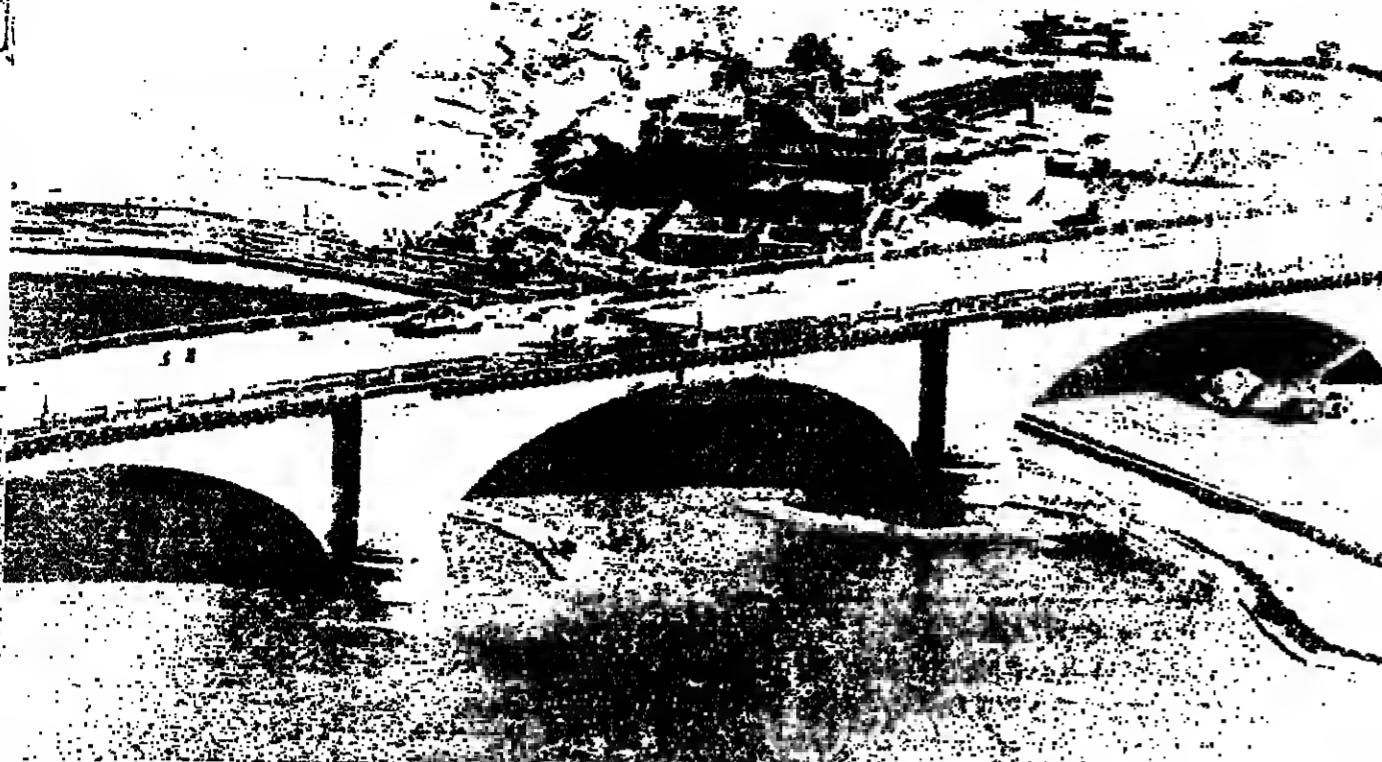
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Lord Mayor of London from his ceremonial
will pull a red ribbon and
ridge, which now sits
newly-dug channel in
Desert, will be open

be a remarkable cere-
rally in keeping with the
idea of buying
bridge, transporting its
shell to America,
jigsaw together in
and then running
it.

Lord Mayor, Sir Peter

Ocrews proudly up the

le will, one hopes, be

oriant of the fact that

"Barge" is a small

at, usually known as

only, with a reputation

over easily in a wind,

of trouble, the Lord

ll be escorted by 80

arrowed from a nearby

Tommy Walker, the

irrepressible organiser,

paddington, and

adds, "Get them to

teach them how to

the bridge, when the

pulls the traditional

will do more than

traditional plaque. The

also release a 70,000

hot-air balloon, test-

ing in the colours of

the heat.

of a chain reaction,

will release 500 white

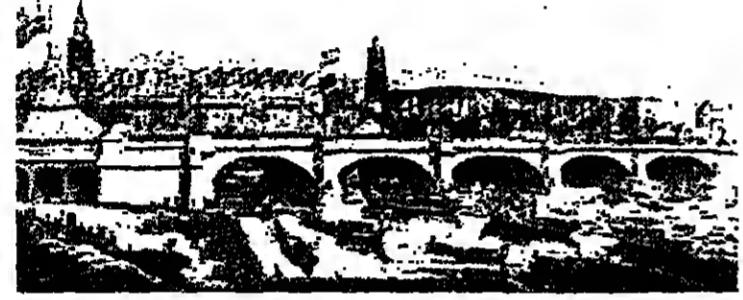
30,000 small balloons.

up, 10 sky divers will

Free-falling in the

a crown. And as they

500 rockets will go



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up, Mr Walker prays that the
rockets will not frighten the
pigeons into ruining the Lord
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five planes will write across the

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note, the bridge will be open.

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rebuild. Charlie Thompson, the

Executive Director of this city,

predicts that it will draw up to

two million visitors a year.

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as a "memorable symbol of nearly

2,000 years of history and tradition."

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bridge is not quite the bridge it

used to be. What the builders

have done is to construct a

modern, reinforced concrete box

girder bridge and then face it with

2,426 pieces of genuine London

Bridge granite. To the process, the

bridge has lost 100,000 tons, and

there is as much granite left in

England as there is in the desert.

In addition, the bridge has

Then, too, there is the snow
removal poster still clinging
to the Southwark side of
the bridge, promising seven shillings
and eight pence per hour
when it snows for casual labour
which will never be needed here.

The attraction to Mr Thompson
is "the tremendous amount of
romance involved in a job of
this size. It's a big play on any-
body's imagination to think that
some American bought a bridge
of that size, transported it over
here and then put the water
under it."

But apart from stirring the
imagination, the bridge was
bought with a definite purpose.
Seven years ago, Mr Robert
McCulloch bought a 26-square-
mile desert site for this new town
by the waters of the Lake Havasu
reservoir.

Much of the land was bought
for £31 an acre, but today building
plots of about one third of
an acre sell for between £1,800
and £12,500. Buyers hope that
the bridge, and the tourism it
will bring, will produce a boom

in the area.

Walking over it is a strange
experience. You can get lost in
dreams about the Surrey side of
the bridge until you come to the
ice-water container left to pro-

tect you from the heat.

But even narrowed down and
lightened, the bridge, sitting in
isolation with the desert moun-

tains stretching beyond it, is cer-

tainly a very impressive sight. It
might be ridiculous, but it is

also breathtaking.

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The disturbing case of the murdered postmaster and man who turned Queen's Evidence

NE MPs have signed a petition urging the re-opening of the case against Patrick Colin aged 28, who is currently serving a life sentence as a member of a Luton subversive group.

At his trial last year, a key witness identified Mathews as being at the scene of the crime. The key identification was provided by an associate and this was by a method which the Home Office specifically been requested to avoid by the Home Office.

Two independent witnesses whose testimony was given to the police before the trial, which conflicted with the evidence given by Mathews, were never called as evidence. WILLIAM DAVIS, LEWIS CHESTER and THOMAS EXMERE were exonerated after a retrial.

After 6 pm on September 28, Mr Reginald Stevens, postmaster in Luton, was in his car in Barclays Bank car park, Luton, when McMahon shot Stevens, and then drove the van from the scene of the crime.

Murphy maintained that he was at home in Ilford with his family at the time of the murder and this was corroborated in evidence by his father, stepmother and Mr P. Turner, a jobbing plumber in the house at the time. Both Cooper and McMahon also denied that they were anywhere near the scene of the shooting.

The case against Murphy was based primarily on Mathews' testimony and the "identification" of Mrs Peggy Calvert of Brunswick Road, Luton, who was in a garden overlooking the bank car park at the time of the

murder. It was highly likely that Mathews' killers were either trying to get the office keys off or to stop him from breaking into his safe, £17,000 of national insurance stamps—a saleable commodity on the market.

No money was actually taken by the police worked on the theory that it was a professional. Shortly after the man in charge of the hunt, Detective Chief Superintendent (now Commander) Drury told a reporter: "It's going to be one of the most notorious manhunts. This is a criminal who went out to do his job and they laid it on us."

On March 19, 1970, after a trial of three men—Patrick David Cooper and McMahon—were convicted of Stevens' murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. The appeal was dismissed on May 26, 1971.

Conviction of the three depended very heavily on the evidence of one man, Alfred Mathews, a man with a criminal record who had originally been arrested and charged with murder. Mathews later turned Queen's Evidence, and three men as having been involved in the murder. As all charges against him dropped.

Mathews' story is that on September 10 he tried to drive with Cooper to Islington Green Post Office, London. An appeal against this verdict is pending. Later Mathews identified Murphy in an identity parade.

The defence understood that Mathews had picked out Murphy's photograph from a range of 60. Detective Chief Superintendent Drury told us that his recollection was that Mathews had looked through more than 200 photographs before coming up with his identification.

Whatever the number, it is clear that the Home Office regulations regarding this type of identification were not fully effective.

A Home Office circular on Identification Parades issued in January 1969, six months before this crime was committed states:

"Photographs of suspects should never be shown to witnesses for the purposes of identification if circumstances allow of a personal identification." (These circumstances surely allowed for that?)

And the circular continues: "The

Murphy—who, according to Mathews, was the driver—cried to McMahon: "You've killed him." Mathews said he asked what was going on but was told to shut up. They drove to the station car park and there split up. Mathews then drove home. That night he saw an account of the murder on television. It was, he said, the first time he fully realised what had happened.

Mathews was arrested on October 22 and charged with murder three days later. Within the next two weeks the other three were also arrested and charged. At the committal proceedings on December 15 Mathews was freed.

The case against Murphy was that he went to Barclays Bank car park at Luton, where McMahon shot Stevens, and then drove the van from the scene of the crime.

Murphy maintained that he was at home in Ilford with his family at the time of the murder and this was corroborated in evidence by his father, stepmother and Mr P. Turner, a jobbing plumber in the house at the time. Both Cooper and McMahon also denied that they were anywhere near the scene of the shooting.

The case against Murphy was based primarily on Mathews' testimony and the "identification" of Mrs Peggy Calvert of Brunswick Road, Luton, who was in a garden overlooking the bank car park at the time of the

murder. According to Mathews, a witness has been shown a photograph of the suspect before his ability to identify him has been properly tested at an identification parade will considerably detract from the value of his evidence.

When Mrs Calvert went to the identity parade which included Murphy a curious thing happened. Home Office regulations specify that a witness must touch the man he or she identifies unless the witness is nervous, in which case he or she may simply point.

Mrs Calvert admitted afterwards that she was nervous at the parade, so she did not touch Murphy. Nor did she point at him. She simply made a statement when she left the room which said: "As I went in the door of the room where the parade was held, I saw a man who would have been about in line." (This was Murphy.) "This man was very similar to one of the two men who I had seen run away from Barclays Bank Car Park on September 10, 1969. The man she said, was quivering and twitching.

But by the time of the trial Mrs Calvert had changed her mind. She now said that the man who showed nervousness was sixth in line from the door by which she went out of the room. Since there were nine people in the parade, the man in this position could not have been Murphy.

Mrs Calvert was an uncertain witness on identification—at parades held for McMahon and Cooper she picked out strangers who were not involved—and this was recognised in the Appeal Court judge, Lord Justice Fenlon Atkinson, who described Mrs Calvert's identification as "far from being of a satisfactory nature."

It was crucial to the prosecution's case that Murphy had driven the van away from the murder site, which was what Mathews alleged. However, there were two witnesses whom the police interviewed, but who were not called at the trial, whose evidence appears to conflict with this.

1. Mr Edward Seal, a foreman fitter, was involved in a near collision with the van as it left the Barclays Bank car park. He swore at the driver whom he remembered as hollered-cheeked and between 35 and 45 years old. He later identified the van for the police and was taken to three identity parades each of which included one of the three men, Murphy, McMahon and Cooper. However, he failed to identify any of them as the driver.

The police decided not to call Seal as a witness and passed his name on to the defence. Before the trial Seal received a letter from Murphy's solicitor asking for help but he ignored it. In a statement made to both Patrick Murphy's father and to Murphy's solicitor after the trial, Seal said that he was asked at a police station what he should do and was told: "Ignore it and do nothing about it." After the trial Murphy's father showed Seal a photograph of his son and Seal said that he was not the driver of the van. However he has picked out the photograph of another man as the driver.

2. John McNair, a car dealer (whose name the police gave to Murphy's lawyer as well), also saw the van leaving the bank car park. He considered the driver to be in his 40s at the three identification parades for Murphy, McMahon and Cooper he also failed to identify any of them as the driver. When the prosecution decided not to call him, Murphy's solicitor wrote to him too. McNair says that Luton police told him to do as he wished and he had his wife write to the solicitor saying he had no information to offer.

The police are bound to inform the defence about any witnesses they have questioned but do not intend to call. They are not, however,



The car in which the sub-postmaster was shot dead

the prosecution's case was that Murphy was the driver of the van; did it matter that he might have been someone else? The judge's words seem to imply that Murphy may have been convicted on evidence which was inaccurate in detail, but that this was irrelevant.

Three other points seem to have weighed heavily against Murphy:

1. Chief Superintendent Drury testified that Murphy's father had asked him on December 15, 1969, if his son could not turn Queen's Evidence like Mathews. This would, of course, have been impossible, so long as Patrick Murphy maintained that he was nowhere near the crime. His father maintained that the conversation was different, pointing out that his son always maintained he was not there.

2. After the trial, Murphy's solicitors finally got information from McNair and Seal about their seeing the two men who had run away from Barclays Bank Car Park on September 10, 1969. The man she said, was quivering and twitching.

3. A police constable from Luton

Station testified that, before attending an identity parade on October 30, 1969, Murphy changed his hairstyle. But at the trial evidence was given on behalf of Murphy by his father and his solicitors, managing clerk that he had worn his hair in the second style for several months before the incident.

Anthony Wedgwood-Benn, then Minister of Technology, approved the deal in spite of a United Nations Security Council recommendation that member states discourage the development of economic relations with South West Africa, and after the United States had announced its decision to comply. Recently the International Court of Justice at The Hague delivered an advisory opinion that South Africa's mandate in the territory had been terminated and her presence there was illegal.

Chief Kapuo has written to a London firm of solicitors, which last month consulted Louis Blom Cooper, QC, on the case's merits. The chief wants all foreign firms removed immediately. "Our country is being robbed of its wealth and rendered barren for the future," he says. "Our fear is that when freedom finally comes to this land, it will be returned to us with no mineral left."

When Parliament resumes, Murphy's MP, Mr Tom Iremonger (Con), will demand an explanation for the re-opening of the case. During the summer 41 other MPs, most of them Labour, have declared their support for Mr Iremonger's initiative.

Tribal chief may sue atom men

THE CHIEF of the Herero tribe in South West Africa, Clemens Kapuo, may bring an action in the English courts against the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority and other concerns connected with mining concessions in the disputed territory, writes Denis Herbstein. The move follows last year's agreement by Rio Tinto Zinc to supply £25m to the Authority over the next decade.

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Rio Tinto Zinc are in the news in Britain, too. They were recently given official permission to prospect for gold and copper in the Snowdonia national park. Conservationists called it a "great betrayal" at a rally yesterday.

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HOW TO COLLECT
PLANET EARTH
See Colour Magazine
page 55

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The wreck that could blow Sheerness apart...any day

off the South-East coast of England lies the wreck of the Richard Montgomery which went down in 1944. At no time has it been safe to touch her, for in her 4,300 tons of aerin fragmentation bombs. If they had been exploded, she would be one of the largest non-nuclear blasts yet to occur. Yet no one will accept responsibility for a wreck which is officially "unsafe to salvage."

Richard Montgomery was designed to explode simultaneously. Structural walls would incinerate walls and be within a radius of three miles. This affected directly Sheerness. The three miles would cover the major BP oil refinery and storage area on Grain, with a serious spillage.

Two miles or more lies down of and windows of this would involve a 10,000 people in the Southwest area of the UK. At 10 miles, the Council was told at a Ministry of Defence meeting that "there could very well be an effect on Canvey Island." The severity of which depended on tidal conditions.

A ship could be expected to be broken by the break, the Medway 170 feet to the south, in 100 tons of oil a year. As they number seven Medway boats racing up to Sheerness are slipping just below the low of the week. Richard Montgomery lies from the barge halls to coasters of Sheerness to water. Her derricks with steel safety nets from them, are always over. Cormorants squatting space on the low tide, the top of the visible with its circular positions. When a up, the rip streams offounting and its flash a wake.

Like any other wreck that in this highly controversial there are no risks. They have long salvaged or blown up. Richard Montgomery went to the Sheerness Middle on August 6, 1944, during a gale. The mass-produced ship had been Virginia earlier that year, as carrying a cargo of bombs and detonators. She sank on the and founded. Story is that the London was working her struck off, leaving the hatchen. When the gale hit, through the hatches.

DES

Why top people are worried about Britain

PEOPLE listed in Who's Who present not just the members of our society; they are, by definition, the Establishment. And it is clear from survey carried out amongst 2,500 of them, that establishment views the state of Britain today with a distinctly dim eye.

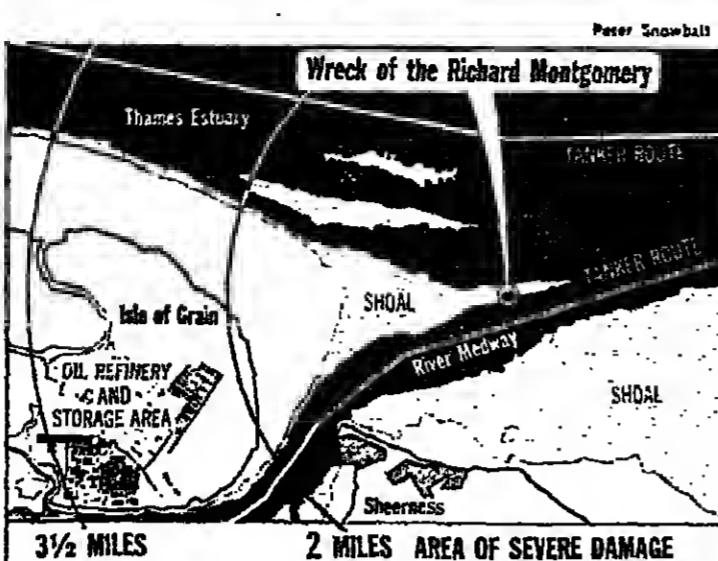
The overwhelming majority of business, civil and dons who were asked, feel that Britain is "ground" in international affairs (61 per cent), in business efficiency (66 per cent) and in public taste (59 per cent). By this token we appear to be in decline. There are two significant which suggest a more gloomy view: more than half questioned still feel that making ground in social and 38 per cent approve progress in the Arts.

A survey was carried out on The Times newspaper in extended version of sample, completed in 1968. People, ranging from the Who's Who, a well-defined social whose members could be classified, and the results not only a compromise held now and eight ago, but a useful break of those opinions by.

of the questions not in the 1963 survey concerned the influence wielded in life by some of our institutions. The BBC, and is clearly believed a considerable role, which plain the anxieties of those who have roundly said it in recent months. No man 52% of the sample felt that the BBC was "very influential", compared with 42% placed Parliament in the category, and 40% who feel the power of the press, which came bottom with 2% trade unions, civil service, Monarchy (only 1%).

does not of course mean those interviewed approved influence, and indeed a breakdown of the results showed that politicians in general placed parliament higher on their list than

More than one disillusioned person penciled in "alas" as his recision. most noticeable change in since 1963 concerns the ston bodies in which has a vested interest, eight years ago an optimist (the majority of the felt that the Common Market was the most valuable of today). The Common Market moved vigorously to the top, up to 50% see it as the for the future, followed by 58%. The Common Market has slumped to third place and the special status of the United States has dropped from 50% to 30%. It is interesting to compare the way in which different sections see the future. Poll-



"The line of demarcation between departments is difficult to determine... particularly since public safety is involved": a bizarre ministerial excuse for non-action over the wreck (right) which threatens oil-tanks and towns (left)

Navy wrote to Mr Braine: "As I have always tried to make it clear in the House, and in correspondence, the Navy Department carry no responsibility for this wreck... In so far as HM Government is concerned, I am advised that responsibility lies with the Board of Trade."

The Board of Trade, however, has accepted responsibility for handling this matter and any correspondence or questions arising from it. And the whole fiasco of the affair is summed up by a Home Office letter of stunning cynicism: "The line of demarcation between departments is difficult to determine in

this case particularly since public safety is involved."

Nobody wanted to know. Yet as early as 1952, a working party had found the ship too dangerous to touch. And by 1957 it was felt that salvage would "create a hazard to the surrounding population." The wreck was marked by two buoys, and watch was kept by the Kent police, radar and launch patrols to make sure that nobody went on it: a careless skin diver might set it off.

Two years ago, a northern university planted a bomb house in the wreck. The idea was to blackmail the local council into giving cash to a rag charity. The

organiser's home was examined

by police who searched warrant

of explosives.

Even though it was clear it was all a prank in bad taste, navy divers were sent down—at a cost of £1,000—make sure nothing had been disturbed. Clearly someone knew just how volatile the cargo is.

Spontaneous combustion is highly unlikely. Pure TNT—Trinitrotoluene—has a very stable molecular structure. Its "shelf life" is extremely long and it is insensitive, requiring a detonator to set it off. Fused bombs will explode as the safety factors in the fuse—the hand arming nut—"settle back."

But nobody will say that spontaneous combustion is impossible.

If TNT does break down, it becomes crystalline and so vulnerable that scratching it with a knife can set it off. It is possible

for crystalline TNT to be "wept"

out of a bomb case and to form volatile pockets.

Major Hartley concedes that if it was left completely and utterly alone, for a thousand years, it might be safe. But it's not likely to get that treatment. Either another ship might hit it, some bloody fool diver might start missing about, or some organisation might start messing about intentionally." The possibility of collision from another ship in the narrow and well-used channel is always present. It would almost certainly do more harm than a planned salvage operation—already ruled out on grounds of risk.

The worst conditions for Sheerness and the Isle of Grain for an explosion would be at low tide, with a heavy and low cloud ceiling. Reflected blast off cloud is half as strong as the main blast if it is not dissipated in clear air. "I saw a classic case in Caenbridge. A couple of bombs had done several local damage for a 40 yard radius. Suddenly it cleared up, but a quarter of a mile away all the roofs were off," says Major Hartley. "When the blast is bounced off the cloud it has the same effect as a slate skimming over water."

Any tidal wave effect for low-lying areas like Canvey Island—which was extremely badly hit during the 1953 floods—would be worst near the height of the flood tide, but is very difficult to assess.

Of course, the Richard Montgomery has not stirred for 27 years. But the health have the potential for any possible explosion. The Department of Transport and Industry's predecessor commissioned a new survey of the wreck in 1969. The report is finally ready and should be released soon. One intention was to look into the feasibility of building a safety barrier of blockships to the south of the wreck. If the DTI does recommend a barrier it will be intriguing to know why a barrier should be thought necessary now, when it was not before.

Brian Moynahan

and Bruce Bedford

Hoechst keeps thinking ahead



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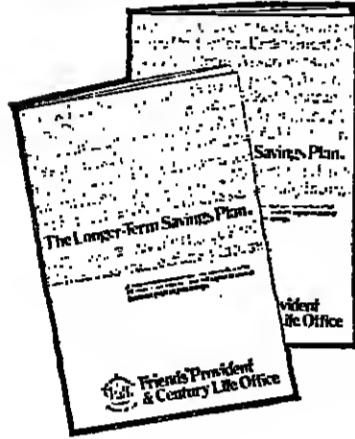
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50 - من الأجل

No tears for taxpayers

From the Labour MP for Oldham West

ANTHONY PURNELL'S "down-trodden income taxpayer . . . in urgent need of compassion . . . who sometimes seeks solace by creeping off to Geneva" (Letters, last week) doesn't exactly jerk the tearducts. Indeed his pretence that the taxpayer is as deserving of our pity as the means-tested family has a certain quaint ring of comedy about it.

Though many families decline to apply for means-tested benefits because of stigma, those "too proud to claim earned income relief" must be a new breed of middle-class masochists worthy of early preservation for fear of becoming extinct.

Though Mr Purnell is annually required to complete an income return, he is sadly confused if he thinks he is undergoing the penalties of means-test. The Inland Revenue assesses whether you are rich enough to pay a given level of tax; the Supplementary Benefits Commission assesses whether you are poor enough to receive public assistance. Poverty is still seen as failure in our society.

Need one add that this type of failure is rather more destructive than Mr Purnell's taxpayer's bizarre "sense of failure that he may never qualify to pay no tax at all"? Incidentally, has Mr Purnell discovered a new kind of psycho-tax phobia?

Michael Meacher
London SW1

True Trotsky

THE feature on Trotsky (Magazine, September 19) had a significant omission from the life of the permanent revolutionary. I refer to his role in leading the murderous attack in March 1921 on the Kronstadt commune of sailors and workers who rallied long before Trotsky's fall from power made it politic for him to partly agree—the tyranny of the centralised and authoritarian Bolshevik state.

A study of this incident and the general suppression of independent workers' movements in 1918-1921 will reveal the true Trotsky: the authoritarian and bureaucratic "Stalinist" out of power.

Terry Phillips
Corby

Why so eager?

WHY IS Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn (last week) so eager for Britain to help expel Taiwan from the UN, and for America to withdraw its troops at a prelude to the "inevitable" re-unification of Taiwan and mainland China? The political system of Taiwan is surely no less democratic than that of the mainland, while economically Taiwan is an outstandingly successful country.

Would Mr Benn and West Berlin over to East Germany, or Finland to the USSR, in the name of improved East-West relations?

Geoffrey Sampson
Oxford

One might have hoped that you would give at least a brief résumé of the purpose of the rally, of the various proclamations read out, and of the various short speeches (or at least of one or two of them).

You mention that it was an anti-pornography rally; again this is only part of the truth for it was a rally to protest about the increasing corruption and "moral pollution" to be found in every sphere of life.

It was a rally to show that there is a very appreciable body of opinion in this country that does not appreciate the rubbish being shown on television and in cinemas and being published in books, magazines and newspapers.

It was a rally to show that we believe there are God-given standards to be followed. It was a rally also to stir the churches to more positive action in proclaiming the truth of the Gospel

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

200 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

Festival of Light: another view

AS ONE of the many thousands present at the Nationwide Festival of Light in Trafalgar Square last Saturday, I feel that your report of the rally (last week) gives an extremely distorted view of what took place. Your report, no doubt, gives the truth of particular incidents, but unfortunately it does not give the whole truth.

Your reporter concentrates on the counter-demonstration, which took place toward the end of the main rally and involved only about 50 (your own estimate) Gay Liberation demonstrators.

You devote no more than one paragraph to the actual Festival of Light rally involving 30,000 (again your own estimate) people, predominately, but by no means exclusively, young people. One would think that a mere comparison of numbers would indicate which rally was worthy of greater concern.

Does the lack of violence and disturbance in the Festival of Light mean that it is not worthy of report? The emphasis, by the Press and other mass media, on violence is precisely one of the things against which we were protesting.

Furthermore, the two photographs shown in your report are extremely unrepresentative of the general message proclaimed by the large majority of banners.

As shown in your photographs, there were banners indicating that the Wages of Sin is Death and that God is angry. These things are true, but they are only the negative aspect. More in evidence, and giving the positive side, were banners proclaiming, for example, that Jesus Christ is the Light of the World and that Morality is Sanctity. This positive side is completely ignored by your reporter.

One might have hoped that you would give at least a brief résumé of the purpose of the rally, of the various proclamations read out, and of the various short speeches (or at least of one or two of them).

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MISS Germaine Greer (last week) wonders whether a woman, I can now relate, the following reasons:

- In order to avoid menstruation during inclement weather.
- In order to avoid exposure while wearing a London Underground ticket.
- In order to avoid cleaning costs.

But perhaps Miss Greer is not aware about tennis pose or dry-cleaning perhaps she really does advertise.

Edmund

ON READING the star-laden letter that follows your admirable news column, I suddenly struck a chord of sympathy, possess one boy or girl and—which surely is the journalistic scoop of the day—do not possess a like or one cardboard dicky a chap who does not do one rupture belt and chap who has but five wild silk ted-socks.

Hell, the world has known these things.

Anthony

SURELY a truly woman would, if she did so, discard her knicker vaginal deodorant a second thought, in expense several thousand on the subject? Greer's preoccupation items seems to me to be of a most miserable sort.

Elizabeth A. L.

Busy laugh

THE correspondence Women's Lib (Letters) seems to indicate that perform, be either liberated or pathetic bound.

Thousands of women magnificently with bairn mother, running a full-time job.

These women are mothers; understand competent and comfortable households are their larders filled with cooking. They also knit

wife and maternal they enjoy their employ thus, because they are in every sphere, the delightful companions children. h u s b a n d colleagues.

The one thing they seem to have time for to the papers, probably they are doubled up with the whole idea of the Lib controversy.

(Mrs) Hilla



A Festival of Light supporter of the Trafalgar Square rally

NEXT WEEK

PLANET EARTH ON BLACK AFRICA

Perhaps the most politically turbulent area in the world, the countries south of the Sahara have not taken easily to independence: 28 of them have experienced at least one coup or serious disturbance in the last decade, ten have called in foreign troops, 26 are now one-party states. And in the south, the white regimes are bidding to take over the dominant role assumed for so long by the European colonialists.

Next week, in the third part of our new cut-out-and-collect colour series, Richard West surveys the complex problems of Black Africa.

For full details of how to collect this unique series, see page 55 in this week's Colour Magazine.

Out of Sight Out of Mind



This man, and thousands like him, is alone and helpless. He cannot even cope with the routine problems of life. His mind was shattered by horrifying experiences in the service of his country. It could have happened anywhere between Dunkirk and Belfast. At any time. Please help us to help the tens of thousands of ex-service men and women whose lives have become unbroken nightmares. Will you help by sending a donation?

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The Act outlined is a 16-page booklet published by the Department of Employment. It's a simplified run-down of what the Act sets out to do, and how it will work in practice. If you need a more detailed summary of the Act, we've also published a Guide to the Industrial Relations Act, which runs to about 90 pages.

And from time to time, we'll be publishing leaflets about specific parts of the Act as they come into operation. The first, on Registration (of Trade Unions and Employers' Associations), is now available.

All three publications are free, and available from any Employment Exchange in Britain.

Alternatively, you can send for The Act outlined (only), using the coupon below.

Send this coupon to PO Box 201, Mitcham, Surrey.

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(Issued by the Department of Employment)

What happened to my child

HANX YOU for the stark facts and truth of "Poison: Are Your Children Safe at Home?" (Insight Consumer Unit, last week).

Three years ago my child took a large number of Junior Aspirins and was rushed to hospital to have a stomach wash-out. I repeated the bottle on a bathroom shelf which I thought was beyond reach, but she climbed on a chair to the toilet and then into the wash basin to get the bottle.

She had to stay in hospital overnight and although she didn't suffer any physical after-effects, there were emotional ones which were only now disappearing.

For instance, she used to scream if a door was closed between us and she overfollowed anyone—not even her mother—for half an hour. In the smallest room in the house. She wouldn't be left with anyone—not even her mother—for more than a long time afterwards.

Three weeks ago she started primary school and although she enjoys it very much, she still finds it difficult in leaving me to go home.

For my part, after the incident, I dared not let her out of my sight. I just lived on my nerves.

Mothers, lock all poisons away and please remember, it never

happened to my child.

(Mrs.) Eileen Colman

Hull

Laws needed

From the Labour MP for Leicester North-West

THE PROBLEMS of the accidental poisoning of children is getting worse. In Leicestershire, for instance, more poison children were admitted to hospital during the first seven months of this year

than the whole of 1970. And, a few weeks ago, a small child in my constituency died after opening his mother's handbag; removing a container of aspirins; taking off the top—and swallowing the contents.

I agree, of course, that the best way to cut down these disasters is for parents to keep all dangerous substances away from their children. But with the best will in the world, this is not always possible. And anyway, the law must take account of ordinary human fallibility.

If drug manufacturers and pharmacists were forbidden to market poisonous substances other than in child-proof containers, there is no doubt that many child lives would be saved. And no one knows how many thousands of children each year suffer temporary or permanent injury, simply because the toys or containers fall off so easily—or can be so simply removed.

The Government says that to enforce the provision of child-proof containers would cost in the region of £300,000 a year.

Your Insight Consumer Unit refers to "divided medical opinion" on this subject. I know of none. There are various opinions as to the merits of otherwise of available child-proof containers. But, equally, I have in my possession samples of a number which are inexpensive, easy for adults to open and child-proof.

As the Unit point out, there is no known antidote for the vast majority of drugs. So at least let us take vigorous steps to prevent those drugs which get into children's hands from also getting into their mouths.

All praise to The Sunday Times for arranging with Boots to order in child-proof cabinets at almost

help your doctor



in the home

One of a number of home safety posters issued by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents

at a time. Not one household in a thousand will buy one. And exhortation to "take care" is not good enough.

In my view, a small, comparatively inexpensive and (I would have thought) utterly uncontra-

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

200 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

UCS: Red plot is a myth

IT SEEMS that to the conservative mind like that of Nigel Lawson a situation of prolonged workers' resistance to bosses or Government must have a red-plot foundation. The resisting workers must be seen as a victim-clutch of deluded puppets.

Cunning villains, conventionally Communists, grasp key positions in the labour organisation, and manipulate the events in order to promote a revolutionary situation. The workers are themselves incapable of self-protection from such "foxes." Bosses and the Government must and do act to resist the subversive engineering of the evil few.

Those holding such an ideology expect that workers will resist through actions designed to stop the flow of goods or services. When, as in the UCS situation, productivity continues, the "work-in" must be, as Nigel Lawson puts it, "an extraordinary charade"; "a colossal sham," "extraordinary," or "colossal" in that the villains pursue "a dramatic and highly successful public relations exercise" intent on duping the workers of UCS, of Clydesdale, and of all organised labour. Revolution can be the villains' only real objective. In this situation, artfully by the Government and bosses must be right. It must be for the good of all. Hence it deserves to be backed by all honest citizens.

But, it doesn't hold water. Nigel Lawson, Re-visit your hoary ideologies. The deception is your own. Government actions throughout have justified the UCS workers' resistance. The men's primary objective is to defend their right to work, to defend their existing jobs—for there are no others. If these workers seek the understanding support of all, who blames them?

David Kirk
Edinburgh

• Correspondents are asked to give a daytime telephone number where possible.

The miracle of Sesame Street

THE CHILDREN'S educational programme, Sesame Street, had been on Australian Television for four months when we left there in May, long enough to assess more than its considerable initial impact. May 1, therefore, counter some of the criticisms of the experts you interviewed (last week) following its first showing in London and Scotland.

• "Too long, they'd suffer mental indigestion." I asked the expert opinion of my five-year-old boy. "Oh yes. That was fun." Hardly the voice of boredom or of mental indigestion.

• "Little educational value." In those four months, he had learned all those letters of the alphabet used in the programme and could recognise at a glance the numerical content of groups up to seven and eight—with additions and subtractions for good measure.

• "Children learn mostly by their senses, particularly touch." What of hearing allied with sight? Can this critic have given an opinion without watching the four-year-olds watching and listening?

• "As entertainment it is innocuous." The programme that entertains four children, ages four to 14, in one family, deserves a different description—mirthfulness.

Ruth Haywood
Glasgow W2

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Pan Am

Busy Men first

IT WAS refreshing to read Nicholas Faith's timely analysis of the causes of the present unemployment situation (Business News, last week) and his forecast that the time is now to find a non-conventional solution to it. Increasing industrial and commercial efficiency and mergers should do this. One danger is that the jailing of the school leaving age in 1972-73 and the drop in birth rate from 1952 to 1958 will encourage complacency.

The only real solution must be a long term one and this lies in giving the work where it is needed. Earlier retirement is one method, but it is not sufficient. We must dare to think the unthinkable and risk female entry in the interests of the futures of their husbands and children by encouraging employers to favour men before married women for all suitable jobs in areas of high unemployment. It is hypocritical to complain about the large numbers of men out of work when some three million married women are employed, many of them gaining their second family income at the expense of another family's first one.

D A Cooper
Farnham

Unfair to the police

From Inspector Ronald Griseowtwa, Lancashire Constabulary

THE SUGGESTION that there are corrupt policemen (Alan Brien last week) is not new. In any group of people, there are the "black sheep," be they politicians, lawyers, doctors, clergy or even journalists. I do not fault Mr Brien for making this statement, obvious though it is. Where I do take issue with him is over his dubious tactic of using a little-known novel (G. G. Newman's Sir, You Bastard) as a vehicle for airing his own prejudices against the police.

In the same way that he has difficulty in accepting Mr Newman's indictment as entertainment, so I find myself in relation to Mr Brien's article. I have long suspected that he expresses his opinions, tongue in cheek, more to entertain than for any other purpose and, indeed, this may apply to his latest contribution. Even so, I feel that there are serious inaccuracies which need to be challenged.

If the extent of Mr Brien's experience of police activity is confined, as implied, to the sick microcosm of society that is Soho, it is small wonder that his outlook is so jaundiced. How para-

Wiggin's Lib

WIGGIN'S LIB. must be a cause for regret to many of your readers. In his extremely readable television column he set his sights (and ears) high enough to be rarely satisfied. His insistence on the potential of the medium was a constant challenge.

In an age when the pursuit of excellence seems to be neglected for mere exploitation. Mourning Wiggin did, in the words of his own tribute to a handful of TV broadcasters, "something in an evil time to comfort and reassure." We are grateful to all,

Enid Quittenden
Horsmonden

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THE JAPANESE THREAT

THE SUNDAY TIMES

Labour demands its sacrificial victim

FOR THE LABOUR PARTY, since the excellent one-day debate in July, the Common Market has ceased to be an issue of substance, to be discussed on its merits, and has become an issue of power, to be fought between factions. Another confirmation of this will occur at Brighton tomorrow. The national audience will be less conscious of any giant leap for mankind than of the small steps of little men jockeying for position. Some Labour Ministers, like Mr Callaghan, were probably never very deeply convinced of the merits of entry even when they were in power. Otherwise, where Mr Wilson has led many have followed, and the smashing of the Marketeers is likely to be as loud a demand as the smashing of the Government. Already it seems clear that Mr Jenkins will be forced to resign from the deputy leadership.

Given the mounting tide of opinion against him, Mr Jenkins will be wise to resign before the crucial Parliamentary debate. But he will be equally justified if he nonetheless contests the deputy leadership later. His position, opposed to the party on a major issue, would be truly untenable only if a General Election were pending. When an election is held the Market may well have receded as an issue, and Labour's divisions with it.

Mr Jenkins' future is important. Nothing would be worse for Labour than a vindictive campaign against the Jenkins wing, to drive all Europeans from positions of influence. Mr Jenkins may never have been close to the heart of the movement. But by driving him from office the party runs the danger of proclaiming its own narrowness. Mr Jenkins represents a strand of social democratic politics to which no other Labour leader has been so faithful. His standing with a section of the public, among whom are many floating voters, is something which no one else enjoys. His very Europeanism may yet be valuable to the party, if ever it chooses to reaffirm its forgotten dedication to internationalism. One test of Mr Wilson's performance this week will be his ability to resist any party commitment to get out of Europe. But another will be just as important: his willingness to assure Labour's Europeans that they have a place.

Human rights are above politics

THE CASE OF THE Kenyan Asians has now reached its decisive stage. Following last week's hearing before the European Commission on Human Rights, a "friendly settlement" is now to be sought between the British Government, which insists on its right to deprive British passport-holders of their right to come here, and the British Asians, who contend that this infringes the Human Rights Convention. The Commission has already indicated that the 1968 Immigration Act raises a strong *prima facie* case under the Convention. If it confirms that finding, the question before it is what remedy is appropriate for the victims of the measure.

The Government would doubtless prefer to settle for financial compensation for the particular applicants in this case. It might also go so far as to suggest raising the admission quota for East African Asians. Either or both of these remedies would avoid further embarrassment, because the Commission would not proceed to publish findings on the principle of the matter. The Government would be spared the political dangers implicit in repealing the offending statutory clause. If the applicants accepted the deal, the case would be closed.

There will be pressure on the applicants to accept. But the Commission is not under the same constraints as the Government and need not attend closely to them. Indeed, the very purpose of its existence as an independent international tribunal will seem questionable if it does not assert that human rights are above politics. It may yet find no breach. But if the discriminatory denial of citizenship is deemed to have happened, and this is deemed to be degrading treatment, neither money nor quotas can meet the case. For the Commission's own future, as well as for the applicants, it is essential that the settlement strikes out the stigma.

The civilised way to go

IN SIGNAL-BOXES overlooking fields of stubble, in station waiting-rooms filling with dead leaves, the word is out. The grim reaper is expected. The ghost of Beeching rides the footplate once again. Millionaires last year, British Rail are paupers again; and at once the talk is of the pruning-knife, the cut-back, the axe. Country railway-lines which survived the first Beeching era in the early Sixties are part of the "social" network which Labour divided in the late Sixties from the "commercial" lines; but their consequent subsidy has grown less and less adequate, and they had no share in the Government's modest offering last week to the more noticed part of the "social" network, urban commuter lines. (Similarly town buses get a little money—country buses have had to content with an easing of restrictions.) So closures, and rumours of closures, are with us still.

The Beeching harvest of old sleepers was well gathered in. At the time it seemed the only course; and it may well have saved railways in Britain from the kind of demoralisation and squalor which has overwhelmed the American system. Yet in retrospect the question is not so much whether the operation was well done as whether it should have been done at all. We did not know what we were capitulating to. We had not measured the insatiable voracity of the motor-car: nor its capacity to kill (that was already documented and disregarded), nor its propensity to poison, but its power to defeat its own promise—to offer rural retirement and then starve the public transport on which it must still depend, to hold out a day by the sea and then turn the sea front into an evil-smelling traffic-jam, to suggest convenience and substitute chaos.

Mr Marsh, who now sits in Lord Beeching's old chair at British Rail, understands that perfectly well. He must ensure that the point is equally well taken by Mr Walker at the Environment and Mr Barber at the Treasury. Perhaps he should insist that they drive their own cars to Brighton for the Conservative party conference instead of going by train. They would learn the lesson that, comparatively considered, a train is a preserver of civilised amenity which is itself worth preserving at public expense.

TOMORROW MORNING Mr Joseph Godber meets his NATO colleagues in Brussels for the second act of the melodrama in which British Conservatism saves the West from international Communism; his mission is to block the growing rapprochement between the Soviet Union and the United States and to halt the race to Moscow for security talks. On Tuesday the Emperor of Japan will arrive in Britain at the end of his unprecedented tour of Europe. Nothing could better illustrate the recent revolution in world politics than these two events.

The world is at last coming to realise that its future no longer lies between the two colossi of Russia and America. Both have been cut down to size not only by their internal difficulties and the rise of China, but also by growing challenges to their authority in their own camps. In some fields they already have more fellow-feeling for one another than for their allies. The new global triangle of power, Washington-Moscow-Peking, is now echoed in the non-Communist world by the triangle America-Europe-Japan. A failure to improve relations inside the second triangle could wreck the progress in the first.

The Emperor's current tour shows that Europe and Japan are at last coming to recognise the importance of one another. But both still show a dangerous insensitivity to the transformation in those American attitudes to which they owe a quarter of a century's security and economic growth. The European Governments are too obsessed with the problem of organising their relations with one another. Japan is still stunned by the double shock of President Nixon's Peking visit and the import surcharge.

A fundamental shift of power and interest has taken place inside the American system. To put it in a nutshell, whichever party wins the next Presidential Election, Mr John Connally and Mr Wilbur Mills are likely to have more influence on American foreign

policy for the next five years than anyone whose primary interest is world affairs; either of them might well be President before the decade is out.

In the outside world Japan is at once the first cause and first victim of the change in American outlook; but Europe will be deeply affected by the Japanese reaction. Whatever adjustments may be made in currency parities America is no longer prepared to take nearly half of Japan's exports. There is no present sign that whatever other concessions she may make, Japan will voluntarily plan for a lower rate of growth than her post-war average, which is well over twice the Western norm. In this situation most Americans see three possibilities: either Japan must divert her surplus production into armaments, or she must sell in Europe what the United States can no longer afford to accept, or both.

The Administration's preference seems to be for armament. Though Japan is now spending nearly as much as Britain on defence, this still amounts to less than 1 per cent of her GNP. American officials, worried about the consequences of their own troop withdrawals from Asia, and rightly seeing Japan's comparative freedom from normal defence burdens as one reason for her competitive power, seems to hope that economic frustration and security fears will combine to promote a big increase in Japan's military strength. There are certainly forces both in Japanese government and industry, which would welcome this. But most Japanese diplomats and businessmen are well aware of the extent to which Japan's acceptability in Asia depends on her maintaining a low posture in both foreign policy and defence. Moreover a majority of the Japanese people is still opposed to further rearmament. Any substantial shift in this direction could impose dangerous strains on the fabric of Japanese democracy.

The immediate consequences of a Japanese rearmament which came about in these circumstances would be to erect an enormous obstacle to the improvement of relations between Washington and Peking, which already suspects that such a plan may lie behind the Nixon doctrine. But in the longer term a rearmed Japan, which would certainly produce its own nuclear weapons, would be as likely to work with Russia or China as with the United States. Indeed the split between Washington and Tokyo could come to rival that between Moscow and Peking.

Whether or not there is an increase in Japan's defence spending, she is bound to increase her pressure on the European market as her economic difficulties mount.

The current monetary crisis has turned attention again to the great disparity between what America is doing to defend Europe and what the Europeans are doing to defend themselves. Meanwhile the farmers of the Midwest complain increasingly of the Common Agricultural Policy and American industry shudders at the prospect of a great enlargement in the area of tariff discrimination as other countries join the Common Market as full members or associates. America is turning sour on Europe.

Since the President has committed himself against a unilateral reduction of American forces he can hope to meet the electoral pressures only by negotiating mutual reductions with the Soviet Union. Yet at the moment the European allies are hardly divided on the issue. Germany, Italy, and the smaller countries do favour rapid multilateral negotiations, but they want to take a share in any reductions agreed. This means that America would not benefit much from the first stage of any agreement, and would still be carrying a disproportionate share as ever of the common defence. Moreover since presumably the other Warsaw Powers would also take their share of cuts, there would be no significant reduction in the Soviet forces in Central Europe and go up against free trade.

Apart from the increased risks of a world war which would result, it is difficult to imagine that a Japan twice rebuffed by the Western world would not turn inwards and rely once more on its military power for both political and commercial influence.

If these dangers are to be avoided, Europe should take

the initiative now in raising the implications of the planned Japanese growth rate with both Tokyo and Washington—neither is likely to act without external prompting. The best answer would be to combine greater domestic consumption inside Japan with a programme of development aid for the Third World. Japan's growth rate will remain a time-bomb unless its consequences are tackled directly.

Europe has an even more urgent problem nearer home. President Nixon is under increasing pressure to cut America's forces in Europe as the election approaches and his economic difficulties mount. The current monetary crisis has turned attention again to the great disparity between what America is doing to defend Europe and what the Europeans are doing to defend themselves. Meanwhile the farmers of the Midwest complain increasingly of the Common Agricultural Policy and American industry shudders at the prospect of a great enlargement in the area of tariff discrimination as other countries join the Common Market as full members or associates. America is turning sour on Europe.

Since the President has committed himself against a unilateral reduction of American forces he can hope to meet the electoral pressures only by negotiating mutual reductions with the Soviet Union. The President's cordial two-hour talk with Mr Gromyko last Wednesday is significant. We may yet read that Dr Kissinger has organised a visit to Moscow too. A touch of Guile would be popular with the American electorate today as it has ever been with the French—and the appetite might grow with feeding.

While a bilateral agreement would be better than none at all, it would be tragic if Europe excluded itself from the dialogue. Yet both on the Japanese growth rate and on European force reductions the Establishment tells us to wait until after the American elections and the enlargement of the Common Market. President Nixon's August bombshell should be a warning to the complacent. It may be too late in 1973.

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France opposes multilateral negotiations on force reductions partly because she is outside NATO and partly because she still cherishes the illusion that she can make her own deal privately with Russia. But the British Government is the greatest obstacle. It opposes early negotiations of any sort. Sir Alec has assumed the mantle of Foster Dulles. Mr Heath is widely regarded as having dramatised the expulsion of the Soviet spies in order to "prick the bubble of euphoria" about the Russians, as the BBC put it—a *coup de théâtre* which received little applause either from Chancellor Brandt, who has just returned from seeing President Brezhnev in the Crimea, from President Pompidou, who is just about to receive him in Paris, or from President Nixon, who is already making progress in the SALT talks.

Next week's meeting of Nato's Deputy Foreign Ministers is therefore of crucial importance. If they are unable to agree on early negotiations for mutual force reductions—an issue now separated from an All-European Conference—America is likely to lose patience and seek a bilateral agreement with the Soviet Union. The President's cordial two-hour talk with Mr Gromyko last Wednesday is significant. We may yet read that Dr Kissinger has organised a visit to Moscow too. A touch of Guile would be popular with the American electorate today as it has ever been with the French—and the appetite might grow with feeding.

The President said that Mrs Nixon would be satisfied beyond expression when informed that his imperial highness had inquired about her. He himself the President went on, was extremely honoured by the inquiry, for it was a great compliment to his wife to bring him to the Complacent. It may be too late to mention it," said the Emperor.

The President then suggested that the Emperor slip into his kimono while he, the President, got into his terry-cloth bathrobe. He said they could then sit on the floor and have the tea ceremony. The Emperor said that if it was all right with the President he would prefer to sit in a rocking chair and have some hamburgers sent up from a drive-in. At this Nixon dropped a lotus petal in a glass of water, which was the signal for aides to bring a rocker, cancel the tea ceremony and send up four hamburgers.

Nixon asked the Emperor's permission to tell him something extremely personal. "What's an Emperor for?" the guest replied, with a wink. The President confided that when he was at Whittier College as a young man his consuming ambition had been to become a great sumo wrestler. One of the saddest days of his life, he said, was the day his coach told him he would never weigh 385 pounds and be only four feet two inches tall and could, therefore, never wrestle sumo on the first team.

Hirohito said that, well, nobody could win them all. Nixon asked the Emperor who he thought was going to be No. 1 this year in sumo wrestling. The Emperor then put questions to the President about the New York Dodgers and who would be top-scorer in the baseball business.

The President congratulated the Emperor on the quiet grace and simple beauty of those questions and said that he was unashamedly embarrassed by his inability to answer them, as he would like to, with one perfect haiku—but that unfortunately his ghost writers had been unable to compose even so much as a pedestrian haiku, although the Emperor's questions had been anticipated for weeks and the poor wretches had been labouring at the haiku bench for days.

The Emperor became very grave at hearing this news and said that labour was a splendid thing, even when it bore no fruit, because labouring made people good and pleasant tempered and enabled them to live in dignity. He had gotten where he was today, the Emperor went on, because he had followed the inspirational example of his father, who, although an Emperor, had never hesitated to work overtime and weekends at the imperial chores.

Nixon said he was a great admirer of Japanese art and asked the Emperor's permission to inform him that he liked "Rashomon" almost as much as "Patton." The Emperor said that King Kong was the greatest monster ever filmed, adding "and that includes Godzilla."

The time allotted for their meeting had been exhausted fifteen seconds and, in this note of mutual understanding, the meeting ended.

New York Times

Russell Baker

a haiku is a three-line poem with its total of 17 syllables divided into lines of 5, 7 and 5 syllables.

...and a bit of eavesdropping on that royal tour



WASHINGTON
BEFORE President Nixon's meeting with Emperor Hirohito, many persons here had feared that the two men would find nothing to talk about, because of the probability that no Emperor of Japan will have anything at all in common with any President of the United States.

Fortunately, there was no cause for concern. Each of these two great men had been so magnificently briefed by his expert advisers that the conversation was able to flow easily and naturally. As host, President Nixon spoke first, welcoming the Emperor with an apology for the humbleness of Alaska and assuring him that it was perfectly all right to take off his shoes "if it would make him feel more at home."

Hirohito responded by clapping the President heartily on the back, playfully pointing a left hook at the presidential ribs, and saying, "You're looking great, Mister President. How's the wife?"

The President said that Mrs Nixon would be satisfied beyond expression when informed that his imperial highness had inquired about her. He himself the President went on, was extremely honoured by the inquiry, for it was a great compliment to his wife to bring him to the Complacent.

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THE EXPULSION from Britain of 105 Russians is an event unheard of in the annals of peacetime diplomacy. If not exclusively the work of this Foreign Secretary it did not happen under any other.

The menace of world communism is a political fact of which Alec Douglas-Home has more than usual awareness. It is the raw material of his global thinking, which it has infused and fashioned for 30 years.

Small matters and large which Home confronts are judged by this basic political belief.

Last autumn, for instance, it came close to spoiling the fun at the United Nations' 25th anniversary. The draft of the Declaration marking the anniversary included a denunciation of Britain's oldest ally, Portugal. It was a ritualistic formula which the Foreign Office saw nothing wrong with, but Home said he would not have it.

British representatives in New York were instructed to say that unless an equivalent denunciation of Russia was included, Britain would not sign. There would in that event be no Declaration. The Office implored Home to relent, vainly. When the Declaration appeared it included no attack on Russia, but none on Portugal either.

Twenty-five years before Winston Churchill returned from Yalta, the war was all but won, and with Stalin and Roosevelt he had been carving up Europe. He informed a grateful House of Commons that Poland, which the Russians had liberated, could now be entrusted to them. This was an act of "justice"—a proposition which the young Quintin Hogg, the young Peter Thorneycroft and almost all other MPs unquestioningly endorsed.

Only one voice interrupted Churchill's historic disquisition, that of Alec Home, then Lord Dunglass, who insisted on asking what international guarantees there would be. Dunglass said that he "fundamentally opposed" the trust placed in Russia. "I accept it as a fact of power, but I cannot be asked to underwrite it as an act of justice."

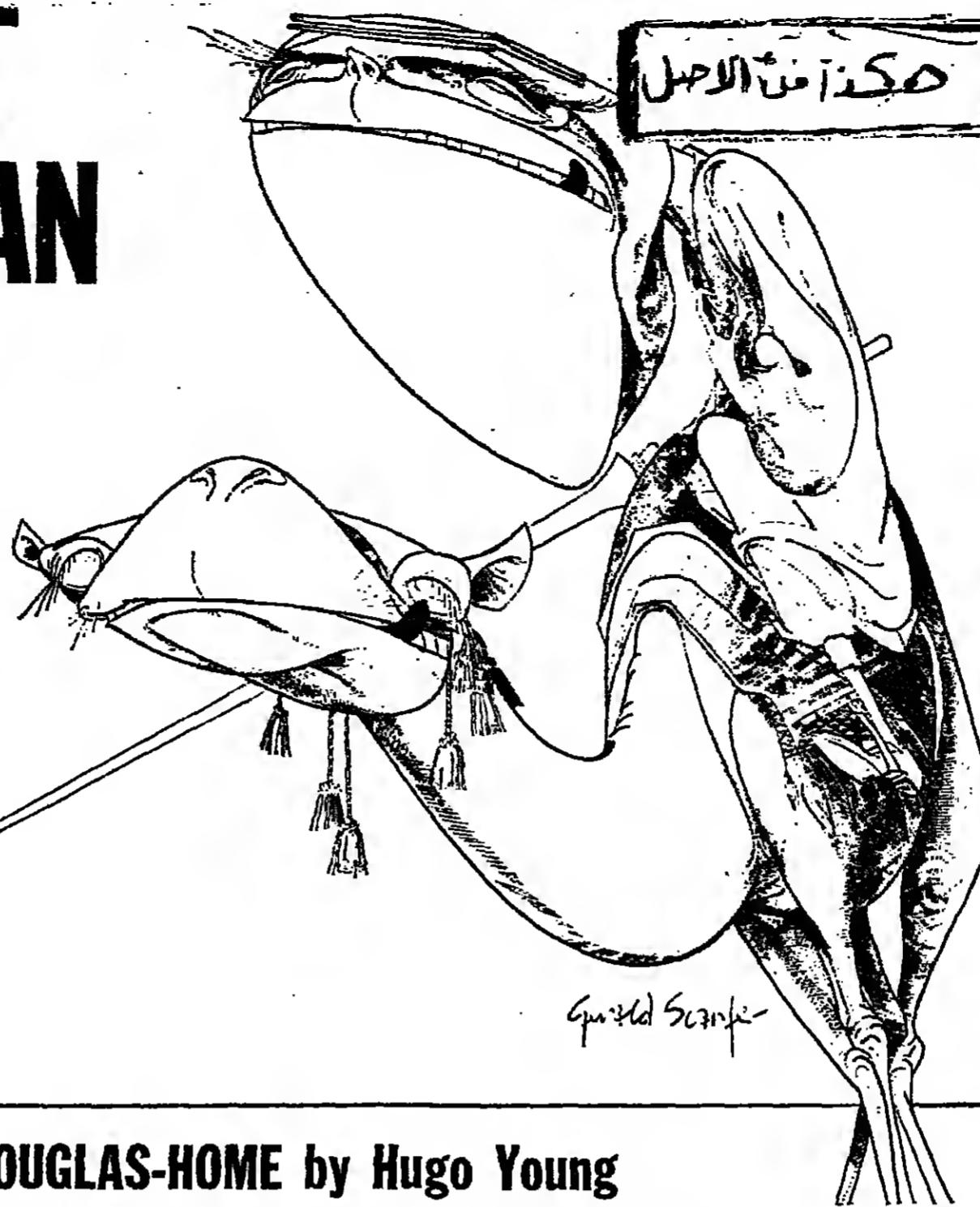
From the middle of the war Home preoccupied himself with what would happen after it, and specifically with Russia's part. This logically followed from his earlier support for appeasement, as Chamberlain's private secretary. He was an appeaser from the High Tory school, which feared the Soviets more than it distrusted Hitler.

As the war dragged on, this dominant suspicion remained as strong as ever, greatly fortified, of course, by the horror of having appeased the Nazis. His speeches at the time therefore define Home as one of the earliest articulate prophets of the Cold War.

In modern times "appeasement" regularly enters his private vocabulary as a conclusive argument against trusting the communists. For him nothing has really changed, even though conflict has diminished.

He once said, as long ago as 1964, that he perceived "a sea-change coming over the world at large"; in fact, that the relentless challenge had altered. But this uncharacteristic optimism was quickly dampened: "Just as we have persuaded the Soviet Union that force cannot pay, we may now

THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF THE COLD WAR



PROFILE OF SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME by Hugo Young

have to convince them that subversion cannot pay either."

On this view the subversive threat, whether in the heart of an African politician or a scientist's dead letter-box under an English oak tree, has not abated.

When he was last Foreign Secretary, Home was out of sympathy with his Prime Minister in this area, although he was politically useful to him. Macmillan, off to Moscow in his fur hat, evidenced a positive lust to embrace the bear. Like Churchill and Kennedy he believed he could get an accommodation with the Russians, and devoted a vast amount of time to it.

Home, hardly more impressed than he had been by Yalta, supplied a different voice, and now finds himself under a Prime Minister who echoes and even orchestrates it. The clean simplicity of the KGB expulsions reflects the sometimes brutal clarity with which Alec Home and Ted Heath would together banish the pedantries of diplomats, scribes and other phrasees.

HOME'S VIEW of the world has been out of fashion for a long time. Yet he has acquired an international reputation which ascribes to his judgment almost mystical powers of penetration. It is a striking paradox.

Although his anti-communism has been called

pre-Dullesite, it has none of Dulles's messianic extravagance. It is held firmly but put politely, and often not put at all. It tends to be qualified by the test of British interest, although often seen as co-terminous with that.

It is also modified by an unshakable belief in the value of talking to people. This is what enabled Home to enumerate so much more clearly than anyone else in New York last week some uncomfortable truths about America's two-China policy. Mainland China is China and must be talked to, and that is the end of it.

Another strength is sheer experience, of which he has more than any British politician. His only domestic distraction is the Conservative Party itself. He is bored by the polemics and the suffocating detail of domestic policy. So his life has been one long foreign affair, and he makes his visitor's often lengthy oration. But his own contribution tends to confirm only the emollient diplomatic power of wise and empty platitudes.

His family, he once said, "did not believe he would care for abroad" and he sometimes resists it himself. After Nasser's funeral, a hot and hectic occasion, he regained his plane at the cocktail hour. But when the steward asked him what he wanted with his ice he replied by inquiring what time it was in London. "Four o'clock," said the steward.

"Very well then," said Sir Alec, "I'll have a cup of tea."

Like Lord Carrington, the only man in the Cabinet who might be called a friend, Home is proud of being a practical man. Both men abhor the academic approach.

It would be a gross deviation from character for either to have read the works of Henry Kissinger for example, even though, as President Nixon's adviser, Kissinger has been having more influence than any man on recent diplomacy. Home manages to read few newspapers, and none before the racing pages of the Scottish Daily Express.

These uncomplicated intellectual methods have dis-

ting the Gaullist view that politics are high and forces cosmic, he cannot be bothered with detail.

It is much the same with diplomats who visit him. Invariably they leave believing themselves to have made an impression on a man who must surely be a master-statesman.

On these occasions Home in fact says little. With unfailing courtesy he listens to and notes his visitor's often lengthy oration. But his own contribution tends to confirm only the emollient diplomatic power of wise and empty platitudes.

Another says: "I still find it incredible that someone with such narrowness of mind can believe that he has an intuitive understanding of the way the world works."

To these criticisms Home might well reply, as he once did to a critic of his political capacities: "Those who say I am out of touch with life simply do not know what life is about." Certainly his belief in his own intuition has survived a startling number of mistakes on the big issues, Munich and Suez being the prime examples, but Africa, the United Nations and possibly Soviet relations themselves also exposing him to the charge.

Any frailties in the record are countered by other priceless qualities, which also explain why relations with Ted Heath have advanced from an uncomfortable start to something like fraternity.

The omens, after all, were bad. Home did not leave the party leadership willingly; it was the knowledge that he wished to stay that precipitated the crisis; Heath had a good deal to do with pushing him out. The old man's unalloyed popularity within the party, however, has been put at Heath's disposal and made necessary use of.

Home was about the only leading Tory deemed fit to handle the alien Ulster Unionists during the last election.

Year after year his appearance at the party conference, calculated with experienced finesse by his handlers, has been used to shame Powellites and other disloyalists, as it will be again next week in the Common Market debate.

There are differences between Home and Heath. Little evidence exists, for example, that Heath's extreme visions of a federated Europe are seriously shared by Home. Powellites, foreseeing the day when they form a states' rights party in European Britain, have more faith in Home than anyone else at the top. Similarly, Sir Alec discloses far fewer furtive longings than Heath for

a world without American domination.

Otherwise little divides them. It was Home who pushed Heath's resale price maintenance bill through the Cabinet, after Macmillan had taken flight at the threat of a party revolt. To the extent that modern Tories must shed remnants of Butskellism, Home, on whom the graft never really took, has no problems.

When he bungled the South African arms affair immediately after the election, it was said that he was losing his touch. He publicised Tory intentions with an unfeling arrogance which was not the work of a diplomat, and he subsequently regretted it. But anyone who imagined that Home was becoming expendable was utterly mistaken.

THE TRUTH is that Home has had one primary task to complete since returning to the Foreign Office, and that is to liquidate the Rhodesian issue.

The continuing anomaly of Rhodesia's status is, however odd it may sound, a gross affront to the soul of the Tory Party. Tories care about Rhodesia and Tory politicians wish to reach a settlement.

But Africa is territory in which Alec Home has never shone. Other diplomats, including Russians, with whom Home has no sympathy nonetheless find common ground with him among the groves and protocols of diplomacy. Black African politicians have little reason to remember him except as someone who rarely showed them much understanding.

As Commonwealth Secretary, Home was almost the last defender of the Central African Federation, a worthy but unsuccessful experiment in white paternalism. He once publicly derided Nyasaland as the slum of Africa—"only a dozen native lawyers and one doctor"—without seeming to understand what this indicated about the quality of British colonialism.

Home's feeling for cosmic forces stopped short of arousing in him the kind of vision which induced Macmillan to announce the "wind of change" in Africa. Indeed, during the era which that speech inaugurated, Home repeatedly let the Cabinet know that the objective of British policy should be the creation of "a belt of white supremacy" across southern Africa.

Cyril Connolly's famous verdict on Home at Eton has proved singularly false. He has been in no way "honourably ineligible for the struggle of life." He is a decent, sincere and inflexible man who has had the toughness and good fortune to be able to put into practice the beliefs which have defined his adult life.

ment has now settled on the Soviet menace from within, from instability in Africa, and alterations which would profit the communists.

It is a cardinal tenet of Heath-Home world thinking to reject what they term "Caradonism," or the support of black Africa in any present or coming conflict. They do not accept that there will be conflict, or that the whites are wrong, or that Labour achieved anything—in Rhodesia or South-West Africa, for example—by following Lord Caradon's line.

Home once shocked his Cabinet colleagues in the early Sixties by sardonically referring to Kenneth Kaunda, the distinguished President of Zambia, as "the white hope of those black boys." It is a remark which could only have been made by someone still imbued with the mentality of the white ruling classes.

Since then Home's view has shifted, an uncomfortable process. When a Zambian visited him recently to state the case against arms sales, the Foreign Secretary adopted his customary blankness for half an hour. But finally the desperate Zambian began to speak of the Christianity of apartheid and the affront it offered to the Christians of Zambia.

On that level, Home suddenly began to show an interest—as if it was the first time the point had occurred to him.

Perhaps he remembers that he is the man who spoke in these terms at the peroration of his attack on the Yalta agreement: "It is an essential British interest that we should see to preserve our moral standards in international behaviour. When our plenipotentiaries go abroad and sign agreements for us, they go as the representatives of a great Christian people."

How loud those thoughts will ring when Alec Home meets Ian Smith in Salisbury. To him it may very well seem that there is no inconsistency between Christianity and a belt of white supremacy, since to his way of thinking its advance—the imperative—against every other multilateral and bilateral proposal in world politics must be gauged.

With the kind of honest consistency which Home has always manifested this analysis repeats itself today, in the justification of selling arms to South Africa. After early skirmishes with the Cape route and the Soviet naval threat, the argu-

ONCE WEATHERSEAL'S IN...FORGET WHAT'S OUT



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ew double billing...as Ian Nairn and Maurice Wiggin look at our country today



Village diocies

TAKE Britain as a whole, ring the Cotswolds with rural Midland. High with the sleepy fens—75 per cent of all our are nondescript. Or they are; the attitude so we don't live in a Broad-Kensay, so why bother?"—so every village has something, waiting to be ordinary village that isn't to give up easily is Green, in Kent. That is exhibition in the village, upon which this week is, small way, of national importance. To begin with, it crackles there are no sations. Yet, with only seals, the problems are the resources explored—Grade II Georgian house, or an unlisted Victorian

charm—and solutions are proposed.

Solutions which are not merely of the tide-and-pretty-up variety. Many of them involve planting trees, but in each case for a purpose: to accentuate the entrance to Borough Green from the west, to continue an existing avenue in front of the station, and inter alia screens a large new station car park—this is commuter land. That car park, incidentally, is paved with hard stone which is all that is left of a handsome railway warehouse—and this at a time when the teenagers of Borough Green have nowhere to meet in the evenings. And all the time, just outside the village hall, is a situation which is potentially as poetic as any in the country. There is now no green at Borough Green. But



THE CENTRE of Rotherham is looking up. It has just acquired a new market hall (above) which is a very happy solution to a hilly site—a polygonal building with a light steel truss roof under which the different levels work out very well. Architects, Gillinson, Baratt

there is a triangle of roads in the centre and I guess that this was the old green, taken over piecemeal by a kind of squatting procedure. On it, at the southern end are a village hall and car park, pub and garden, and a long-established Baptist church and graveyard.

All looks terrible now, but think of the implicit drama. Public life (village hall and library)

of Leeds, who also prepared the town centre plan and who got a housing medal last year for their Lanes housing, in the Rotherham suburbs. This steel town near Sheffield still keeps its medieval street plan and compactness, and should respond very well to this

kind of intelligent, unsensational renewal. It is the last place for the massive schemes that have made such a dog's dinner of nearby Doncaster in the last few years. Conservation, which is what this new market hall is, need not be confined to the well-known antiques,

private enjoyment (pub), birth and death (church) all meeting in a single point—which with true poetic justice is occupied by the ladies and gents; the body needs to take no account of class or status.

This is an excellent plot, but where's the script? There are plenty of words around, but there is little comfort from them. In the car park: "No Commuters. Overnight parkers must have written permission from the Hall committee." In the pub garden: "Private Property. Patrons only. No Heavy Vehicles. No right of way." On the churchyard fence: "Any person found interfering with materials on this site will be prosecuted." And in the gents, of course: "Any person found damaging, interfering with . . . etc., etc."

It was probably a public common, at that. Take down the railings and the wire netting, express the differences: pub with white fences and green lawns; churchyard with a thick-panched hedge, part of which is there already. Village hall with creeper, to soften a rather overpowering shape, and black-and-white trim to make the car park the smartest in Kent. As for the convenience, the best idea I have is to embed it in a very large bush; it may sound absurd, but that is what has happened to a Borough Green telephone kiosk.

Other people may have other ideas; there is no Final Solution, in landscape. But there is, everywhere, some potential like this waiting to be explored. Not only Borrough Green; try Slaley Stanton, in Leicestershire, where a desperately mean village turns its back on a spectacular quarry-and-lake and is doing its best to

fill it with rubbish. Or valley towns like Holmfirth and Hebden Bridge in the West Riding, where extreme slopes have forced the buildings into remarkable and disregarded conjunctions—there's an architectural competition out for the centre of Hebden Bridge at the moment, and God help the winner if he wants to smooth it all over. Or indeed, the Valleys themselves—Rhondda Fach, where the terrace-chains along the mountainside at Watton or Ferndale are as fine an enrichment to the landscape as anything I know. And that is an objective, classical reaction based on knowing an awful lot of places. If you disagree it is just possible that the answer may be to see more places yourself rather than write me off as a nut case.

Ian Nairn

Bars and bed-rolls

Photograph by Stanley Devon

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

papers, he was both good and cheerful.

Of course, with autumn thickening up, it's quite unlikely that I shall actually use the bed-roll. I just like to have it handy and to feel independent. I carry the bed-roll, a box full of utensils and cooking gear, a Jerrycan of water, a fishing bag and roll of rope, a compass, torch, binoculars, camera, hurricane lamp, a box of basic books and a box of basic grub. Anyone stealing my car could live in it for a week on Dartmoor, and emerge nourished in mind and body.

Then after all that, being incurably gregarious, I usually stay with friends and eat at one of the surviving country inns which make you feel a bit better about the human race and the way things are going.

One such is the Trapnell Inn near Neen Sollars in Shropshire. You need a good map to find it, or a lot of luck. I've had both. It is run with a high degree of individuality and enterprise by an apparently ageless Black Countryman named Clifford Mole who used to be an aircraft fitter in Fighter Command, like me.

Cliff's war wound was a hernia. Lots of fitters got them. At the mysterious cry "Two-Six" you dropped whatever you were doing around the dispersal and heaved, pushed or pulled on whatever intractable lump of uncongenital machinery happened to have got bogged down. Such as a Spitfire.

It was my cousin Tom Baxter who introduced me to Cliff and the Trapnell. Tom is a former tank commander who now drills regiments of enormous chrysanthemums at Hanley Cliffe, just over the border. He and Cliff and I have the freedom of a few meadows on the River Rea just below the disused railway station.

The station has been converted

as a private dwelling and when I was there the other day the occupants had been mowing the platforms. They make lovely lawns. There's a big corrugated-iron building in the next field, looking a bit forlorn. The sign reading F. & Munkley Ltd. Gieves & Son. Merchants. Until the railway closed down four assistants worked there full-time, serving shoppers who came down the line to Neen Sollars, which I need hardly tell you is known to local wits as Clean Collars, from even remotest or less well-provided hamlets. I wonder where they shop now?

It was a single-track line of the neatest sort, one of several known affectionately as the Bluebell Express. The romantic legend was that the driver would wait while you hopped off to collect the flowers; the more cynical or realistic version was that the train went so slow you had all the time you needed to pick them without trespassing on his good nature.

Nowadays they come to the Trapnell by car, those who know, and it's a growing number. Cliff's evening meals are worth the detour (and it's a detour from anywhere). Cliff presides, compact, spruce and dapper, smoking endless cheroots and looking hardly older than he must have looked on Biggin Hill up to the elbow in oil from a Merlin engine that had been taken through the gate once too often in the battles overhead. I was mystified to see any number of full bottles of whisky on the tables and going out in people's side pockets. Talk about the affluent society . . . It was elder, though.

You leave the bar when you get the word and climb an iron spiral staircase outside to the converted hop loft where dear Dorothy pops up like a pantomime fairy through a sort of trapdoor from the kitchen with enough food for twice as many people.

The other evening the bar was almost entirely inhabited by girls and women, playing darts with any amount of fervour. It turned out they should have been playing the bowls final but the rain drove them in. Apparently it's only the females who play, around here. What do the chaps do? I failed to find out, which is no way to start a new column. But a few unresolved mysteries give life a bit of flavour. Whatever it may do to a column.

MAURICE WIGGIN

switches off his television set after 20 years of criticism to write a column from the country

me now, it may have been flogged in the stores of the South Staffordshire Regiment and have no more poignant history than simple laundry.

What am I saying? My father was a quartermaster in the South Staffordshire Regiment and he never done such a thing. He spent his leaves preaching.

His principles never made him miserable. He was a fine tall man with a merry eye. Like a lot of people who never get into the

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ACKMAN looks out in the third of our series on winter European cities. He knows Copenhagen's laid back, perched on her own beside the sea. Today, though, a girl in hot pants and a bike would be a apt symbol for this city.

It's all that cycling Danish girls such lovely way, all summer long, sporting their hot and down the Stroget the hippies and the should the first sharp Baltic autumn send wing to cover up, the have lost one of its attractions.

There is still more than this friendliest of cities. The Danes set by what they call an almost untranslatable that rhymes with means, well—just Copenhagen in you quickly discover, a place. Full of bars like Ravid's in Kongens Nytorv, can drink your in cosy dark-panelled parlours. And like Tokanten, on the Vandomstien, where comes in a street big feed a football team.

Look at today's treasures—there are possibly even more expensive than anything else, boasting 170

Free-wheeling city COMPASS

Edited by Jean Robertson

Varieties of smorrebrod on a menu more than a yard long. But if you want a lunch spot off the regular tourist trail, try Karen Kik in Fortunstræde. It's inexpensive, the smoked eel is excellent and the regulars are mostly jolly politicians from nearby Christiansborg Palace. Another inexpensive little eating place is Schonemann's Hauserstræde 16, punny and unpretentious with bare sanded floors. No open sandwiches here, but good hot dishes like frikadeller (meat balls) with red cabbage.

What to do when it rains? Top of my list is the National Museum, where you begin with Bronze Age boulders inscribed with runic symbols, and wander from room to room back to the present day through a couple of thousand years of Danish history. You could spend a whole morning just looking at the Viking treasures; the plundered coins and silver ingots, amber necklaces and gold armlets, huge drinking horns and heavy iron axes.

To look at today's treasures—there are possibly even more expensive than anything else, boasting 170

Vikings pinched—you must go to Den Permanente in Vesterport. It's just around the corner from the SAS terminal and is the most famous shop in town—a permanent display of all that's best from Denmark's designers of pottery, glass, jewellery, toys and modern home. Its equivalent for food lovers is Ekkodammark in nearby Axelløren, a luxury supermarket delicatessen piled high with tantalising displays of Danish specialities to eat on the spot or take away.

The best place for shopping, though, is the Stroget, the longest pedestrian-only shopping street in Europe, threading its crooked mile from the Town Hall Square down to Kongens Nytorv. It is a curious mixture of haute couture and hippy styles—a sort of shotgun marriage between Bond Street and the King's Road—but without the traffic.

Even more intriguing, possibly to British eyes—and certainly since the ballyhoo over Lord Longford's visit in August—are the porn shops and advertise-

Free-flowing wine and water

cover the Basque country between Bilbao and Zarautz)

There is, of course, much more to the Rioja than a reputation for good wine. Coming down from Bilbao by way of Vitoria you enter the region at Los Conchos de Haro, where the river Ebro forces its way through a limestone mountain wall. Beyond this narrow cleft the whole of Logroño province unfolds in a vast mosaic of terraced vineyards and cornfields across which the Ebro weaves its slow and convoluted course between dense plantations of poplars.

Fortified mediaeval villages rise on rocky spines above the tawny levels of the plains. And far off, softened by drifting smoke from the burning autumn stubble, leached of all substance

by the immense distance, mountains range the skyline. The overall impression is one of richness. The riverside repas, or market gardens, are bursting with peaches, tomatoes and tobacco. The fields and hills are alive with game. Roe deer, wild boar, coverts of quail and partridge. An arcadian countryside, part granary, part orchard, where the roads are shaded by walnut trees and the rivers run as clear as the golden Rioja wine.

There are trout in the rivers, crayfish, too—minnows the colour of autumn poplars. Caught with basket-like nets baited with rotten entrails they are called *congrejos* in Spanish and are a great local delicacy. Other specialties include the spicy red chorizo sausage, and roast lamb,

The Danes don't go in for bragging statements of conquest and empire.

Instead, the king lives in a little grey palace with steps decking almost outside his bedroom window, and always there is the salty air and the hooting of ships' sirens to remind you that Copenhagen is not just Fun City but also a working seaport with sailors and breweries and waiting girls. Piccadilly ploughing headlong into Limehouse, Copenhagen, you may be expensive, but you're still wonderful, wonderful.

How to get there: BEA's Trident fleet complete the London-Heathrow-Copenhagen trip in 1 hour 40 minutes. SAS who also operate on this run, take 10 minutes longer.

Norwegian Air Shuttle is 10 hours, but there is also tourist excursion fare which gives you a weekend in Copenhagen, leaving London Friday night and returning in the small hours on Sunday. Price £42.50.

Packaged holidays: Much the cheapest way of having a holiday in Copenhagen is to take the 8-day package deal offered by PPD's, the Danish shipping line (Berkeley Square, W1). Price £18. The cost includes rail travel London-Harwich, North Sea voyage to Esbjerg, North Sea voyage to Esbjerg-Copenhagen. Three nights' bed and breakfast in Copenhagen is included, plus two lunches.

For all its splendid buildings—Rosenborg Castle, Radhuset, great Christiansborg—Copenhagen has a homely small-town atmosphere. After just one day it is easy to find your bearings, to steer your way through the narrow streets or chasing the spires. And there are none of the triumphal arches or grand processional avenues you find in other people's capitals.

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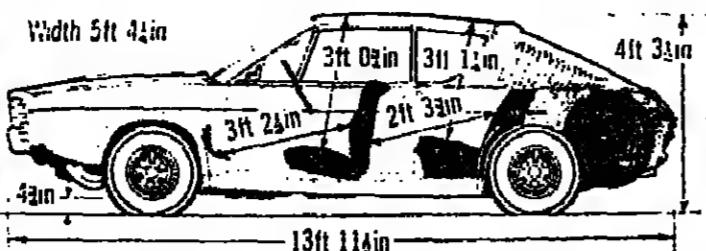
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MOTORING



Making their debut at this week's Paris motor show are the Renault 15/17 range from France (above) and the Swedish Volvo 1600E fastback coupe (left). The Renault, in four versions with 1,298 cc and 1,565 cc engines, is based on components from the existing Renault 12 and 16 models, but has attractive new sports coupe bodywork. The Volvo, with a two-litre fuel-injection engine, derives from the 1800 sports car but now has a roomy estate-car body. It costs £9,623. British prices for the Renaults are not yet fixed.

How to beat the car thieves

LAST week's news that in London alone 200 cars are stolen or broken into each day highlights a nationwide crime problem which motorists themselves can do much to reduce. MAXWELL BOYD reviews some of the security devices currently on the market:

be secured will generally deter most thieves who will move on to the next and easier one. Even a printed label for a fictitious alarm system stuck on the windscreen has been successful.

Security devices fall into three categories: immobilisers, locks and alarm systems. Devices such as gear lever and handbrake locks, ignition and fuel supply cut-offs and the steering/ignition switch lock, now compulsory on all new cars, are among the cheapest. However they do not protect the car's contents; radios, shop-

ping and other goods can still be stolen.

Wheels, especially fancy alloy ones, bearing a new set of expensive tyres, are frequently stolen. Protection here can be achieved by fitting one Jacking-nut to each wheel. These are usually flush-sid and need a special tool for removal.

Alarms usually use the car's existing electrical circuits and the majority sound the horn and/or flash the headlights. Most are set by turning a key in a concealed lock; thereafter opening a door,

the hood or the boot, or a slight movement of the car on its springs will set off the alarm. This is the most thorough protection.

Many alarms are sold as inexpensive do-it-yourself kits, but, unless you know what you are electrically skilled, I would advise professionals help in fitting, even though this is usually at little extra cost. At least you know the thing will work.

The list of security devices given below is by no means exhaustive. There are many others on the market. The manufacturers will advise on buying and fitting their products. In addition, your local crime prevention officer, who can be reached through your local police station, will always help up local supply and qualified fitting agents.

25181.—Krooklok steering wheel-clutch pedal lock, £2.70.

Broadfields Garage and Engineering, Wharf Road, Erdington, Middlesex (01-808 2023).—Clawlock steering-wheel-clutch pedal lock, £2.25. Contracts to £150 for easy storage when not in use.

ELLS (Colchester), Commerce Way, Whitehall Road, Colchester, Essex (01-714 5125).—Wheel locking bolts, 25 to a set. Personal key, matched to each set, needed to undo.

WES, 1 Tribune Drive, Trinity Trading Estate, Sittingbourne, Kent (Sittingbourne 76323).—Washable ignition immobiliser or audible ignition key steering locks, about £12 (must be fitted by specialist).

COMBI (Bromsgrove) Ltd., Bromsgrove, Worcs (01-820 2570).—Combination lock, £2.25. Petrol filler-cap locks, £1.15 to £1.75.

Johnson and Starley, Bedford Road, Northampton (Northampton 2000).

Locks, alarms, cut-outs . . .

Sleek and Smith, 18-18 Heathfield Road, Broadhurst, Birmingham 19 (01-534 8571).—Peva alarm system with remote immobiliser, kit from £11, from £20 extra; armoured horn cubies, £4.50 extra.

L. F. Brunner, 223 Halfway Street, Sidcup, Kent (01-360 1148).—Brenner alarm system, kit £1.50.

KL AUTOMOTIVE PRODUCTS, Honiton High Street, London E (01-953 3202).—KL ignition immobiliser, kit from £1.50.

Poole of Devonshire, 461 London Road, Poole, Dorset (01-291 2010).—Popular alarm system, kit £5, uses own bell, buzzer or siren, not car

horn. Claims to use less current than other similar systems. Obtainable only from manufacturer.

Fire Detection, 43 Victoria Avenue, London NW4 (01-202 0128).—Water-based fire detection system, £100. Immobilisers, kits from £1.20; Watchdog steering-wheel-clutch pedal lock with automatic adjustment, £3.62.

Rose Courtney, Ashbrook Road, London NW8 (01-977 0351).—Petrol, road, electric fuel supply cut-off, with immobiliser, kit from £1.50.

Peoples of Devonshire, 461 London Road, Poole, Dorset (01-291 2010).—Systems, from £1.50, locking nuts, front

horns, black well-tires. One owner. Recorded mileage 20,000. . . £3.75.

Johnson and Starley, Bedford Road, Northampton (Northampton 2000).

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BENTLEY S2. 2 owners only, Tudor grey, black leather, sunroof, optional rear seat conversion. History, £1,800. Tel: 01-748 3200.

1965 ROLLS-ROYCE Cloud III. Black over silver, 43,000 miles. £2,500. Tel: 01-748 3200.

1967 ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER SHADOW. 4-door saloon. James Young Flying Spur. £1,900. Tel: 01-748 3200.

1968 ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER CLOUD II. 4-door saloon. 3.8 litre. 100,000 miles. £1,000.

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THOSE who lament the passing of music hall should have been at Wembley on Monday, when Bugner and Bodell showed that they are the country's only serious contenders for the title held by Morecambe and Wise. Bodell's the one with the short fat hairy legs, and Bugner is the one who slaps his partner's face without hurting him.

A lot of people present who thought they were going to see two fighters demonstrate the noble art of self-defence might have been disappointed, and my advice to them is to examine the intricacies of the Trade Descriptions Act to see if something called as a championship fight could also be described as a farce.

'On the other hand, there are many, myself included, who could kick ourselves for being mug enough to suppose that Bugner v. Bodell would be anything other than a good giggle.'

I sometimes wonder about myself. Here I am, a passably sane, rational, even worldly-wise individual, and yet daft enough to be taken in by the fanfares and the ballyhoo attending heavyweight boxing. Every time it's the same. I convince myself that because nothing in boxing is as it seems, there will come a time when someone like Bugner turns on a display which makes the short bar stand on end and sends one home with that marvellous glow that only comes after having seen a great athlete in action.

In fact, unless I've seen Cassius or Frazier or Cooper in his pomp, leaving the stadium with the feeling that optimism is the most treacherous of human emotions and that I ought to take up life membership of the Cynics Society.

I felt that way after Bugner v. Bodell. I was delighted Bodell won because I had some money on it. And also, on the night, he was the only man in the ring who resembled a prizefighter, which is not saying much when you consider the opposition. What annoyed me was that in watching the fight and nursing false expectations I had, yet again, been seduced by the siren song of the sport.

MICHAEL PARKINSON on THE FIGHT THE FIGHT! THE FIGHT? THE FIGHT



I had, once more, turned my back on my long-held theory that the best film ever made about boxing was *The Kid from Brooklyn*, which is why Danny Kaye in that film was always a more believable pugilist than Kirk Douglas in *The Champion*. And if that seems to be outrageous a proposition, then answer me this: after seeing Bugner versus Bodell and thinking of making a feature film about it, who would you cast in the lead? Paul Newman and Kirk Douglas or partly Feldman and Jacques Tati?

If there is any consolation to be drawn from that depressing night at Wembley, it is that the

best man won. At least you can trace Bodell's pedigree back through the history of the sport. There have always been pros like him, honest, plain pluggies who treated boxing as a trade rather than a science, but at least never gave less than a baba worth.

Bugner is a different matter altogether. He gives the appearance of being an identikit job, someone constructed from everyone's idea of a fighter, and yet lacking the one thing needed to make him viable—the instinct to fight.

Billy Walker, the most recent other identikit boxer, at least bad that much. Bugner hasn't. Anyone watching him in any of his fights must come to the conclusion that although he might lack the part he lacks the essential quality, which is the desire to fight, to attack his opponent. This is an admirable omission of character in anyone, excepting someone whose job it is to attack his opponent.

Bugner is a manufactured article created by public demand. The promoters, the publicists, the people who blow his trumpet are blameless. It is we, the public, who need our heads testing. Why is it, knowing the facts as we do, that we turn up in our thousands to see Bugner fight Bodell? If we are really interested in this kind of sporting skill, wouldn't we be better employed watching it's a Knock-out, or all-in wrestling or an underwater knitting contest?

As I left Wembley on Monday I thought about a group of friends of mine who went to the World Cup in Mexico. They discovered a restaurant which had lots of charm but little hygiene. After two weeks of eating there and suffering the inevitable Monte Zuma's Revenge, they presented the manager with a sign to bang outside his establishment. It said: 'Sam's greasy spoon. The best food in Mexico. 30,000 flies can't be wrong.'

I felt like calling the same kind of notice on to Wembley's front door. The sure thing about lovers of boxing, like lovers of food, is that they have a sense of humour. It's not optional but obligatory.

Reeling in fish like a machine

Nobody, overtly at least, bets on the results of sea-angling championships. But even if bookies had been present at Lerwick, in the Shetland Islands, on the eve of the prestigious Southern Television Sea Angling Championship eleven days ago, it still would have been impossible to get any worthwhile odds on Ron Edwards of Newlyn Bay. He was going to win, everybody said, and in fact he did comfortably with a catch of 22lb, well ahead of Paul Cartwright with 20lb. (Cartwright's worth noting was predicted with just as much confidence to fill second place.)

All of which would seem to give the lie to the notion that fishing is just luck. Ranged against Edwards were eleven other finalists who, with himself, were the survivors of an army of 30,000 anglers who, early this year, had set out to win the championship. All the finalists were highly skilled fishermen. But in the event they were beaten by the technique which has made Edwards the most successful saltwater competition angler of recent years. His record of victories is a long one, but it includes the European Championship at Cobh in 1967, the English Championship at Ramsgate in 1969 and wins in '67, '69 and '71 at the Westport International, which attracts a big European entry.

What makes Edwards such a deadly fish-catching machine? Above all, it is his ability to sum up a sea-angling situation. In the Shetland Islands he went to sea with seven sets of tackle laid out for possible use, gear capable of taking any species from small coalfish of 1lb or so to giant halibut.

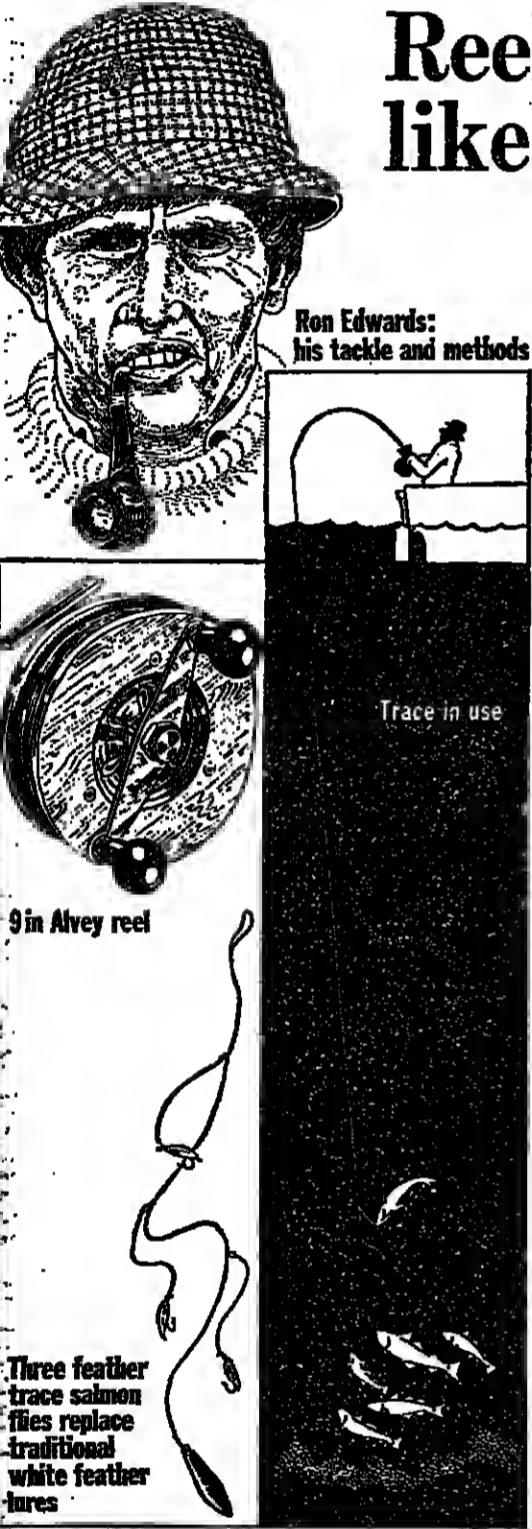
Within 15 minutes he had decided that it was going to be a day of small fish. This suited him well: Edwards is easily the best exponent of speed-fishing in Britain—the art of hauling up small fish as quickly as possible.

Down there, 40 fathoms under the keel, swam small parties of coalfish running between 1lb and 2lb. As the boat drifted over them, clearly every angler in the boat had an equal chance. Edwards won because he caught them twice as fast as the other competitors.

His long experience of competitive fishing told as well. Most of the finalists, tense and excited, proceeded to boat single fish as soon as they hit. More calmly, Edwards allowed his tackle to stay where it was until a second and third fish joined the first on his three-line trace.

But even more vital to his smooth fish-catching rate was the reel he used, one which most sea anglers would regard as an anachronism: a 7in diameter single-action (ie, non-gearred) model rarely seen these days, having been replaced by the multiplier with its complex gearing. The multiplier is far more efficient when it comes to handling any fish over, roughly, 3lb. But for small fish and fish direct from 40 fathoms without the necessity of pumping (dropping the rod-point to pick up slack, lifting the fish with the reel-spool locked, then repeating the process), the single action Edwards used was unbeatable.

Text: Clive Gammon Drawings: Keith Linsell



HOCKEY

THE opening week of the hockey season, the official opening week that is, marks the centenary of hockey as we know it today. The occasion is being suitably celebrated by Teddington Hockey Club, the world's oldest hockey club and happily their festivities coincide with the visit of Australia, the Olympic silver medallists. One of Teddington's games next week is against the Australians.

The centenary of hockey has already been celebrated in this country by the Blackheath club in 1961 but Blackheath, while rightly proud of their heritage, will admit that they played a game—a hasty form of hurling and shinty with a rubber ball and sticks—“that bears little resemblance to the modern game. What is more the Blackheath club went into dissolution.

Teddington have had a continuous history. They were the first club to play with a cricket ball and on a well prepared surface—their cricket club's outfield. They helped in the formation of other clubs. They introduced the stick rule, the circle (a thousand curses on them), and their rules were the basis of today's rules. From their beginning, hockey has spiraled to the present position, game played in over 60 countries. Today owes them a great debt.

The part played by Teddington in the development of the game has been meticulously researched by the club's captain, Ken Howells, a former Welsh international and is privately published this week in a fascinating book, *A Centenary of Modern Hockey*.

The book is full of fascinating revelations, anecdotes, cartoons and photographs and through it all comes Howells' unmistakable

Centenary of modern game

love of the game and pride in Teddington. I hope the book will provoke a bigger interest in the history of the game.

Teddington celebrate today with a match against a strong International XI raised by Welsh captain David Prosser and a veterans' match between Teddington and the oldest team from Teddington's oldest rivals, Richmond and Surbiton. They play Australia at Bushey Park on Tuesday afternoon.

The Australians arrive in this country this evening, on their way to participate in the first World Cup which fittingly also takes place in this historic hockey month. The Australians have played Tests in Singapore and Germany on their way here and the highlight of their visit here will be a match against Great Britain at Bristol next Saturday.

Their fixtures are: Tuesday, v. Teddington (Amateur Football); Thursday, v. Travellers (Charterhouse, 4.0); Saturday, v. Great Britain (Colston School, Bristol, 3.0); Sunday, v. Great Britain XI (Spencer HC, London, 3.0).

Unlike my fellow bookee scribes, I do not see the GB v. Australia match as a vital Olympics qualifying match for Britain. I believe that Britain are already ensured of a place at the Munich Games on the strength of England's results in the last 12 months and that the value of the game to Britain is preparation for Munich.

Vans Agnew and the BBC selectors obviously see it in a similar light since their team will

best man won. At least you can trace Bodell's pedigree back through the history of the sport. There have always been pros like him, honest, plain pluggies who treated boxing as a trade rather than a science, but at least never gave less than a baba worth.

Bugner is a different matter altogether. He gives the appearance of being an identikit job, someone constructed from everyone's idea of a fighter, and yet lacking the one thing needed to make him viable—the instinct to fight.

Billy Walker, the most recent other identikit boxer, at least bad that much. Bugner hasn't. Anyone watching him in any of his fights must come to the conclusion that although he might lack the part he lacks the essential quality, which is the desire to fight, to attack his opponent. This is an admirable omission of character in anyone, excepting someone whose job it is to attack his opponent.

Bugner is a manufactured article created by public demand. The promoters, the publicists, the people who blow his trumpet are blameless. It is we, the public, who need our heads testing. Why is it, knowing the facts as we do, that we turn up in our thousands to see Bugner fight Bodell? If we are really interested in this kind of sporting skill, wouldn't we be better employed watching it's a Knock-out, or all-in wrestling or an underwater knitting contest?

As I left Wembley on Monday I thought about a group of friends of mine who went to the World Cup in Mexico. They discovered a restaurant which had lots of charm but little hygiene. After two weeks of eating there and suffering the inevitable Monte Zuma's Revenge, they presented the manager with a sign to bang outside his establishment. It said: 'Sam's greasy spoon. The best food in Mexico. 30,000 flies can't be wrong.'

I felt like calling the same kind of notice on to Wembley's front door. The sure thing about lovers of boxing, like lovers of food, is that they have a sense of humour. It's not optional but obligatory.

The strong spirit of Sheffield United



TREVOR HOCKEY is the little hairy one with the beard and the hair band. You can't miss him. The rival fans shout "Hockey is a Fairy" when he comes out. Then the game starts and they see he's not a fairy nor a bipple nor even an individualist, but simply the solid creative heart of the Sheffield United midfield. Perhaps even the key to the whole team. Everyone's got Sheffield United wrong. You can get Mr Hockey's game, judging by appearance and performance.

"He looks believably natural," says his manager John Harris. "He's the most helpful lad you'd wish to meet, hard working, good living, a bundle of energy. I don't like long hair, mind you, but that doesn't mean people should be the same as me. It doesn't affect his play, that's all that matters."

On closer inspection, his beard is rather old-fashioned, the manly naval sort that comes on Player's cigarette packets, not a pop star public one. And the hair band is a bit of cheap elastic, nothing gaudy. He's a乐观, optimistic and friendly nothing dash. Like most of the team, he's been around for years, till suddenly it happened. He hasn't let it affect

Hockey on himself

"I'm an honest player. I never cheat or mess about, I work hard all the time."

He hasn't the slightest doubt that Sheffield thoroughly deserved to be at No. 1, but he hasn't had to wear a bigger hair band.

He's 28 and has at last come back to his native Yorkshire after almost a football lifetime on the circuits, serving under nine managers on five different clubs.

He was in Bradford City's first team at 16, in the Third and then Fourth Divisions. He jumped to the First with Nottingham Forest, then moved to the Second with Newcastle United. He helped them up into the First, then moved back into the Second with Birmingham City for five years. Nine months ago he moved to Sheffield, then in the Second. He's never won a medal, and hardly been known to anyone outside the team he's played for.

Sheffield paid £40,000 for him in January, which makes him the costliest player in their present team, a laughable sum when you

If any one player has been the inspiration of Sheffield United's success this season that man is Trevor Hockey. A report by HUNTER DAVIES.

They were hardly promoted to the First and when they did, again ignored by all. Now the experts are themselves to explain its phenomenal success. explanation is very weak.

"I put work rate before all else. We've stacks of ability, but it's no good without work. A collective work rate, just eight or nine t

it, everyone has to foundation, everyone else."

In just a couple of weeks, he's made a team captain. "I've read it and if Derek somebody has an open fete and si

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It's the again I like."

Here's how Book of Football will help you get even more enjoyment out of the most exciting game in the world.

Starting on October 1st, Book of Football builds week by week into the most important and comprehensive work in the history of the game.

Each week the publication looks at six aspects of football.

of course, their great moments of glory. Which club first? Liverpool.

Matches to Remember

This section re-examines the great matches, bringing new facts to light. It looks at those frustrating games we should have walked away with, the others we won by the skin of our teeth, and of course, the ones we sailed through. Part One goes back to 1968 and the European Cup Final—the great Manchester United against the fiery Benfica of Portugal.

The Fabric of Football

Who invented football? How much do you know about the history of the game? Book of Football gives you the answers. It even reveals some facts that have so far been hidden—read the article in Part One on "The Affluence that Spreads Football Poverty".

The World of Football

Moves on to the international scene. The foreign teams and stars and where the British teams stand, not only in Europe, but also in the world. Part One takes a close look at Scotland. Its great players and its history. It's all covered in Book of Football.

Building a Library

Part by part Book of Football builds into five beautifully illustrated and printed volumes to give you the most comprehensive and authoritative reference library in the history of the game. Each week Book of Football gives



records of the Leagues, the Cups, the Championships and the goal scor

hits a snag

ited 2 Sheffield United 0

by Peter Newland

ried Sheffield with a low drive which the Manchester keeper did well to save. A mistake by Charlton nearly let Sheffield in but Dearden shot wide.

Bear was being well held by the compact Sheffield defence as he tried to put Manchester on the winning trail. Kidd went closest to breaking the deadlock, his low swerving shot going fractionally wide. A fine run by Salmon for Sheffield from the halfway line ended when his shot went over the bar. In the next minute, Dowling headed clear a dangerous cross from Hockey.

Currie broke through for Sheffield and his neat run ended with a low shot which forced Steepney into a great diving save. Manchester fought back. A cross by Aston was headed just over the bar by Kidd and in the next minute a neat flick from Charlton had just too high. As Sheffield came back again Scullion nearly connected with an overhead kick.

Gowling's prompting for Manchester nearly produced another chance. He sent Aston away down the left, the winger centred, and Charlton's shot also went wide.

Currie gave Scullion an opportunity to open the scoring for Sheffield but he shot hurriedly over the bar. He nearly made amends in the next minute with a snap drive through a packed defence but was narrowly off target.

Sheffield were equal to anything Manchester had to offer as both teams fought for the vital goal but a promising move by Manchester ended when Best missed a centre from Aston.

Sheffield were equal to anything Manchester had to offer as both teams fought for the vital goal but a promising move by Manchester ended when Best missed a centre from Aston.

Minutes later, Manchester increased their lead when Gowling brilliantly headed a cross by Kidd into the net.

Managers: United: Sir Jimmy Hill; Charlton: Bertie Aiston; Sub: Burns. Sheffield: Peter Best: Sub: Currie. Gowling, Houghton, Flynn, Colegate, Peacock, Woodward, Salmon, Bearden, Currie, Scullion, Sub: Steele. Referee: K. E. Walker (Middlesbrough).

Referee: K. E. Walker (Middlesbrough).

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The other home players are

RESULTS

LEAGUE—DIVISION II

Wolves 2 West Ham 0

Derby 1 Middlesbrough 0

Millwall 1 Norwich 0

Arsenal 1 Preston 0

Swindon 2 Watford 0

Man. City 2

Leeds 2

Everton 2

Southampton 2

Blackburn 2

Charlton 2

Leicester 2

Nottingham Forest 2

Sheffield United 2

Southend 2

Walsall 2

Chesterfield 2

Bradford 2

Barrow 2

Wrexham 2

NORTHERN PREMIER LEAGUE

Bolton W. 4 Lancashire F.C. 1

Sunderland 4 Chester 3

Northumbria 3 Northumbria 3

Widnes 3 Macclesfield 2

Wigan A. 2 Blackpool 2

Warrington 2 Bury 2

Widnes 2 Bury 2

Warrington 2 Bury 2

Warr

Stanley Devon



Ladislas Farago: we created mischief

Only here for the leer

WHO WILL GUIDE WHO, and to where, in the "Egon Ronay's Pubs and Tourist Signs" due out next Spring, is at present, a little unclear. The divided interests of those providing the financial backing was causing some heated confusion last week, reports Anne Robinson.

The guide is a joint venture between Egon Ronay, that industrious selector of the Good Life and the British Tourist Authority, with a little help, to



the tune of £10,000, from the Brewers' Society. (We guess it could cost about £10,000 to produce such a guide.)

Mr Ronay's concern is that we should know which are the best places to hooch. The BTA don't really mind where we get drunk as long as we get drunk in Britain. But the Brewers' Society, who represent all the major breweries feel that if they pay the piper, they should call the tune, and they are insisting their

stake money should allow them to control the pub selections.

The BTA originally approached Watney Mann about possible backing for the book last March. Watney Mann referred the matter to the Society. The idea was not particularly well received, because they said there were already several similar guides on the market.

The BTA weren't prepared to give up so easily, and two months later Len Lickorish, the Authority's dapper 50-year-old chief executive, was allowed to address a society meeting. The society was so impressed by Mr Lickorish's assorted comments, they agreed to shell out the £10,000 he was asking for. With certain provisos.

According to the confidential minutes of this meeting the money was to be given on the understanding that the Society would be closely consulted on the overall costs of the project and on the selection of the houses to be included. There was also a stipulation that only a minimal number of free houses would be mentioned.

The Brewers won't talk about it at all. They certainly weren't prepared to discuss confidential minutes.

On to Len Lickorish. The BTA's involvement is purely on the basis that the guide will be used as promotion material overseas, he explained. (They will be responsible for its distribution abroad as a means of selling Britain. Ronay will distribute it in England.) But he did know there were strings attached to

they were very cross indeed, and demanded him back at once. "A blatant breach of copyright," they stormed. First of all Peter Preston, the *Guardian* features editor, said it was only a joke and decided to continue running it, but then the *Guardian* lawyers insisted on it being pulled. "Rather than slog it out and make a highly humorous parody the subject of a legal suet pudding, I decided to pull it out," says Preston with regret. "But what a indignantly pomposus fuss."

Dublin December 1921

Westminster
June 1832

Wall Street November 1929

Gibraltar December 1966

Westminster
January 1799

Jarrow October 1936

There are times when only The Times will do

This month one of the most important debates in modern British history draws to a close.

After fierce discussion at both party conferences in Brighton, Parliament will accept or reject the negotiated terms for our entry into the European Economic Community.

The decision is vital to the economic and political future of the country; and the

fullest reports of how and why it is arrived at are of consequence to us all.

And The Times, accepted at moments such as these to be a unique and indispensable source of information, will in these coming weeks—with the widest coverage of all events germane to this issue—offer incomparable value.

**When The Times speaks,
the world listens.**

& Westminster October 1971

Brighton



Profile

"WHEN Ian Fleming used to visit us in Washington," reminisced Ladislas Farago, former Chief of Research and Planning (Warfare Branch) US Office of Naval Intelligence, "he used to bring a framed sign with him which read: 'Never in the course of human history has so much been known about so little by so many. I have a very poor opinion of my own profession—the second oldest profession in the world which makes the second oldest use of the world's oldest profession. It all began with Rahab the harlot. When Moses sent in spies to reconnoitre Jericho they sought . . . an refuge . . . at her house. She was the first spy prostitute. Secrecy hiding incompetence is another characteristic—the more the secret the more the incompetence. There are simply not enough secrets for all those spies running around the world."

Ladislas Farago, an enigmatic 65-year-old Hungarian, ran one of the most important intelligence projects in Washington during the war. Working with Secretaries to the Navy James Forrestal he conducted a campaign of psychological warfare to persuade the Japanese to surrender and so avoid the potential slaughter of an "opposed landing" (the Atom Bomb). At times he was convinced that he was about to make a "major contribution to human history" by bringing about peace with the aid of such unlikely materials as the Dowager Empress of Japan's admiration for Douglas Fairbanks senior.

A backroom boy of Intelligence, he also worked in collaboration with the Admiralty on their anti-U-boat campaign, and only admits to actually working "in the field" once: in the mid-fifties in Western Germany directing a campaign against the Iron

Curtain countries. "We were just creating mischievous," he said with an expression of comic shame. "I can't tell you exactly what for obvious reasons. But in a more general way when a mine in an iron curtain country blew up of its own accord we claimed we had sabotaged it. That sort of thing."

Farago had been lunching with Sir Norman Denning, secretary of the D-Notice Committee, one of Britain's top wartime intelligence chiefs, to get clearance for his book *Game Of The Foxes* which will be published here next spring. Based on German intelligence papers captured by the Americans it is cuts across British interests by revealing details of the fight between British and German agents. "Our talks were very painless," Farago said. "Sir Norman was very accommodating. He wanted certain names of agents changed and since they had already been officially changed once it made no difference.

He expressed mild amazement at the number of Russian representatives allowed in this country. "We couldn't have that many in the whole USA," he said. "550! Another example of British permissiveness!"

Farago's career reads like a subplot of "Scoop." A Hungarian freedom-fighter, he found himself by accident the only foreign correspondent in Ethiopia

Spying began with a harlot

in the Thirties when the heat was turned on Italy. He made a name for himself as a foreign correspondent. "I then came back to Bayswater and wrote a book on the subject in nine days. *Alyssina* on the Eve was published within four weeks and reprinted eighteen times, so the old Sunday Chronicle made me their foreign correspondent. I had one tremendous drawback in my employment. I could not speak English! But I got a good dictionary and I picked it up fast enough by reading the translation of my own book about a thousand times. I was so impressed with English. Alas, I never lost my accent. When in the States I said I was in Navy Intelligence they would say 'Which navy?'"

His journalistic knowledge of the German Army led to an approach from American Intelligence and eventually his association with Forrestal, the Secretary of the Navy, who finally committed suicide. "The war unhinged him. He was present at the landing at Iwo Jima and the slaughter of the American troops had a terrible effect on him. It was because he did not want a repetition of this slaughter that we concentrated on our efforts to manipulate the psychology of the Japanese people towards surrender. Contrary to popular belief the Japanese are a peace-loving people."

"It was psychological manipulation which created that image never surrendering and always on the move. We had only been involved in espionage in its history. But they were cousin domestic, clan conflicts. We were discovered that in fact they're suicide and always surrendered discovery, but you know my deficit to find something no one else is. We had actual eighteenth century spies. We had the quality approach to quantitative approach. We did no agent in Japan. In fact we work of rooms in the Library of Congress established direct contact with Household. Hirohito was definitely a spy."

Peter



Miss Novotny/Mrs Dibben has written, they gave her generous coverage last week in the Mirror, the Sunday Express, the News of the World, and the Evening News. They dwelt on her not un-dramatic background; niece of Czechoslovak ex-president Novotny and fringe figure in espionage traps in New York and London, witness to the Denning tribunal. All heady stuff, and it certainly went to the heads of Frewin's publicity men, who wrote blurbs below left: Mariella's own version, on the right:

*The natural successor to Harold Robbins . . .
A serene elegant international beauty . . . vibrant . . .
Today she lives an almost recluse-type life . . .
She has sex appeal which is like a sledge hammer in its effect . . .
She was advised and managed by the late Nancy Spain . . .
She never drinks: "My I have a coke or tea?" . . .
No pretensions or fears . . .
Prefers extremely simple food . . . and very little of it . . .*

*I can't think what they mean, unless it's my staccato style. They must mean the bread potential.
Vibrant at the office maybe. I'm a business tigress. I'm not serene, rather temperamental in fact.
Not exactly, since I've been working for my encyclopaedia firm for eighteen months.
But normally I have my spectacles on so I can't see reactions.
Not managed, she was simply a friend who advised me to write.
I don't drink but I hate coke. It's a thoroughly unpleasant drink . . .
I'm afraid of flying. I'm terrified of beetles and I get hysterical and cry over flies.
Publishers interpolation: "True. Three times we took her to the most expensive places. It set us back thirty quid, and she just had a mouthful each time."*

Photograph

Rat's tale

NOW THAT the evenings are drawing in, there should be a revival of the one sport that has flourished in Ulster since the troubles began, rat-racing. From Belfast, our rat-racing correspondent, Philip Jacobson reports. "It's been a very quiet summer on the rat-racing scene for two very good reasons. The Troubles have made it advisable to have carting around a sinister-looking attack case drilled full of holes. It's rather felt that edgy Army patrols will not take kindly to being told that the case is full of racing rats. The other reason has been that the tragic death of Muhammad Ali, eaten by his owner's large tabby while out on a training run, has removed the only real contender to the reigning champion Smokey Joe. The latter cantered away with the 1971 world championship held in a pub in Bangor last March."

"Rat-racing came to Ulster three years ago through Belfast advertising man, Brian Lowry. He thought up the idea while on holiday in Spain, and a medical friend at Queen's University provided the first bloodstock. Australian Gerbil rats. "Very good stayers, but a hit short on speed."

"Races are mainly held in country pubs outside Belfast. Each racing rat is put in one end of a 25 foot long perspex tube, and the winner is the first one out the other end. Trainers are allowed to urge their heats on, but tricks like placing a light strategically underneath an immobile rat are considered very bad form. Muhammed Ali—the late Muhammed Ali—holds the course record, six seconds."

"There's money in rat-racing. Apart from the purse—£10 for the world championship—there's lively side-betting; there's not all rats are your Gerbil strain, and a good urban rat, your ordinary household rat with a good set of legs on him will charge hands for as much as 80p at血stock sales."

"Racing rats are easy to keep," Michael B

thrive on a diet of s and breakfast cereal, won't say no to Guinness. There's though. Like race rats are of a nervous and will quite often try to kill each other share with a human species inately.

TODAY'S BIRTHDAY Checker, the stump launched Britain ten years ago, is 30 Ray Lindwall, hero of the forties and 50; Sir Harold Whiff RA's top medical war to eliminate frostbite for airmen. Admiral Sir Michael former C-in-C Home Fleet, Cammell Laird, 75; Major Sir Berks former director of Information Services York, Army 5 and 74; Sir John Stow, General of Barbados, Fraser, former Wim Champion, is 38. G. former headmaster College, is 65.

IN A WEEK which release of Hungary Mindzenty after prison, this monitor Budapest radio strike note. This is the inquiry about Roman Catholic Church's state of worship is a Constitution, and if religion is not in school curriculum nothing hindering their children for such tuition nts some do. So in a si small craftsma maker, the tailor n dresser, the priest Church still have Socialist Hungary.

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WEATHER FORECAST

Weather Forecast: Mostly dry and sunny, with some fog or mist later.

Outlook: Continuing fine.

London Area: E. Azores, E. and W. Middle, N.E. and Central N. England. Mist and fog at first becoming very broken. Very sunny. Wind S.W. Moderate. Central, S. and S.W. England. N. and N.W. Scotland. Wind S.E. moderate. Very sunny. Mist and fog at first becoming mainly S.W. Max. tempa 21C (70F), but cooler on coast.

Greater London Council: Weather: HEATH: GREATER LONDON COUNCIL.

"I'm sorry so many old people have trouble getting into the one-man buses; but the price increases should take care of that."

LAST WEEK It was Latin America. This week it's the Indian World. Next week it will be Africa and so on round the world. The Colour Magazine company has produced a series called *Planet Earth* which gives a new and comprehensive guide to men and money, power and politics in the world today. To help them in we have produced a luxury *Planet Earth* binder. The *State of the Nations* information pack and the bookmark containing a permanent work of reference—a digest of facts, statistics, pictures and expert commentary never before assembled in one volume. To enter per person all to be parts of the coupon below clearly in block letters and ballpoint pen.

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